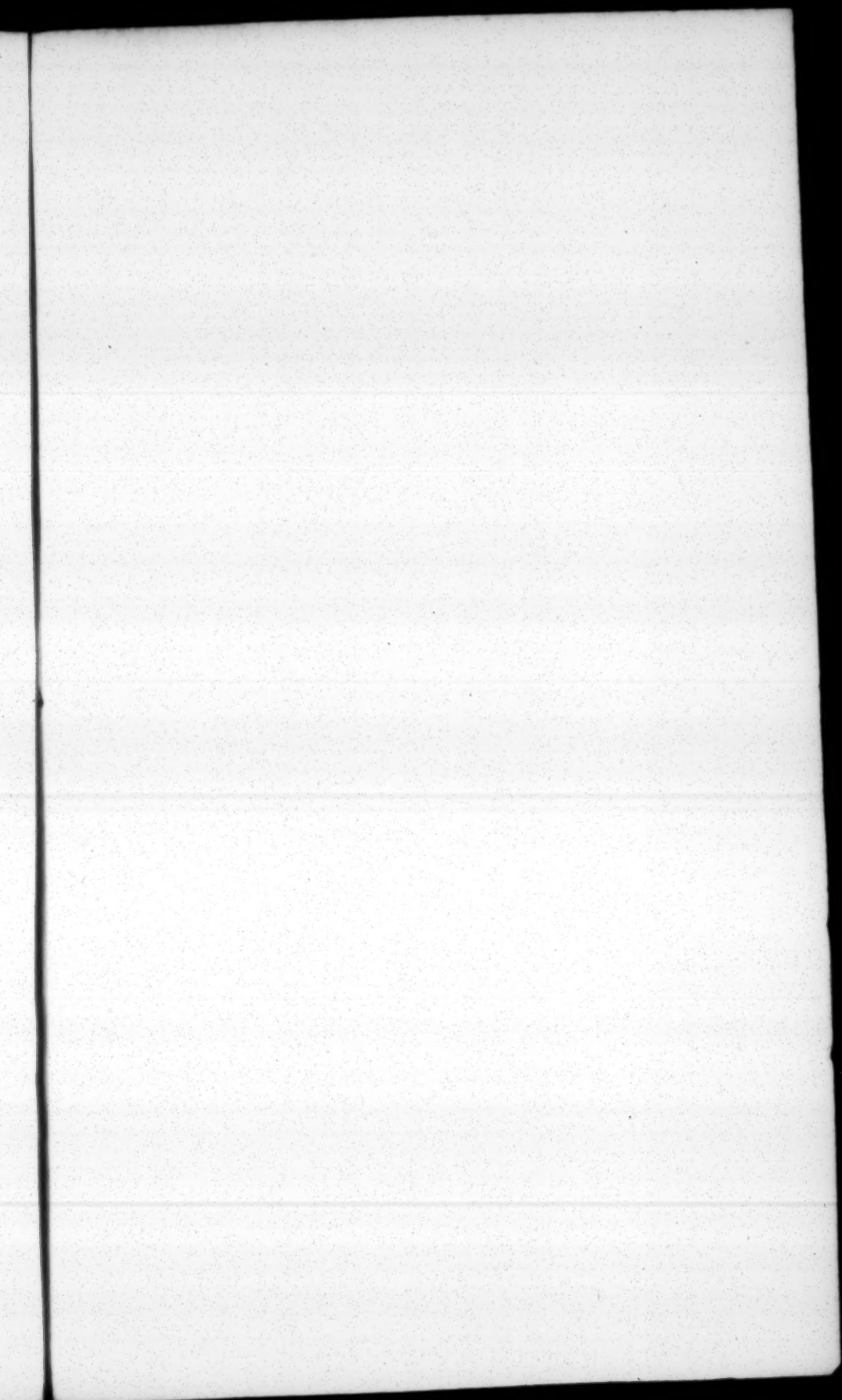




MISCELLANEOUS
TRANSLATIONS

IN

15

Prose and Verse,

FROM

Roman POETS, ORATORS, and
HISTORIANS.

By *W. WARBURTON*, M. A.

Licebit interdum, notissima eligere, & certare cum electis.

PLIN.

Excursusque breves tento.

VIRG.



L O N D O N :

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street. 1745.



EXCELLENTISSIMO
~~PRÆSTANTISSIMO & HONORATISSIMO VIRGO,~~
D^O ROBERTO SUTTON

EQUITI AURATO, AD GALLICUM MONARCAM,
DARE MOREM CATHOLICÆ PACIS, CUM AU-
THORITATE MAXIMA PROXIME, MISSE :

IN LEGATIONIBUS,
GLORIÆ BRITANNIÆ & EUROPE STABILITA-
TIS ÆQUILIBRIS, FAUTORI TENACI ;

SENATU,
COMMODI PROVINCIAE & LIBERTATIS PATRIÆ,
VINDICI EGREGIO ;

DOMI,
VIRTUTUM HUMANITATIS, RELIGIONISQUE
MODERATIONUM, EXEMPLARI PERILLUSTRI ;

HAS NUGAS
IN SUMMI HONORIS, ANIMIQUE DICATIS-
SIMI TESTIMONIUM,

D. D. D. Q;

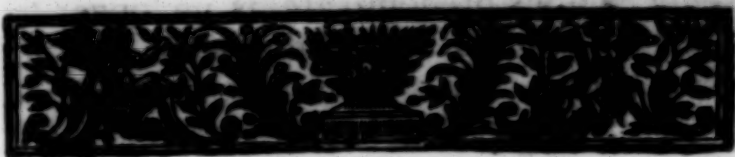
W. WARBURTON.

Clo 15CC XXIII,



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Cæsar's Oration
TO THE
SENATE,
IN
Favour of the **Conspirators.**
From SALUST.

Malum sub lingua, non in lingua habet.
Div. Greg. Moral.



ALL Men, Conscript Fathers,
who sit in Judgment o'er doubt-
ful and important Cases, should
be exactly studious to divest
themseves of Friendship, Ha-
tred, Pity or Revenge. A Mind, in which
B these

these Passions predominate, is no longer to act as Reason dictates; for when was it ever known that Partiality and Justice had a Place together in the same Sentence? So long as she continues free from Prejudice, her Functions are regular and adequate. When Passions usurp the Helm, in vain do we expect Circumspection and Constancy in her Course. I abound, C. Fathers, with Examples more than enough, of Kings and People, who, by giving way to the blind Impulse of Mercy or Cruelty, have committed fatal and irrecoverable Errors. But it is with greater Pleasure I can recount the Behaviour of our wise Forefathers, who, superior to all the Weaknesses of humane Nature, by consulting the Honour of their Country, then laid the Foundations of her future Greatness. In the *Macedonian* War, which we waged against King *Perses*, a populous City of *Rhodes*, grown powerful by the Indulgence of the *Roman* People, treacherously revolted from their Protectors. But when, after the Conclusion of the War, it was debated in Senate how the *Rhodians* should be treated, our Ancestors, least any one should think we begun Hostilities more out of Avarice for their Wealth, than just Resentment of our Injuries, suffered their Perfidiousness to pass unchastised;

stified; so in all the *Punic Wars*, when the *Carthaginians*, both in Peace, and under the Obligations of Truces, had so oft violated the sacred Laws of Nations, the *Roman* People never made Reprisals on them, consulting rather what became the Dignity of the Empire to act, than what this unfaithful People deserved to suffer. Be these, C. Fathers, your great Exemplars; let not your Resentments against *Lentulus* and his fellow Traytors, betray you into Indecencies unworthy of your Country; forbear to sacrifice your Honours to Revenge. Can we invent a Punishment adequate to their Misdemeanors, I approve the Severity, how unprecedented soever? But if the Monstruosity of their Crimes exceed even imaginary Ones, let us be contented with the legal Clemency of our Constitution. The Generality of those who have spoke before me, have wailed over the Condition of their Country, in all the Strains of Oratory and Flourish. They have summed up the Evils of a Civil War; exaggerated the Fury of the Victors, and the Misery of the Vanquished; painted Vestals desflowered before the holy Fire; Children torn from the Embraces of their Parents; Matrons violated at the Altar; Palaces and Temples undistinguishingly prophaned, and filled up the dread-

ful Scene with Slaughters, Plunders, Rapes and Conflagrations. But to what End, in the Name of Heaven ! is all this Profusion of Oratory employed ? Is it to give us a just Sense of this horrid Conspiracy ? That is, the phlegmatick Gentleman whom the Blackness of this stupendious Villainy can't affect, may be taught his Duty by an oratorical Exaggeration vain and impertinent ! few think those Injuries that are levell'd at themselves, insignificant : Many revenge them more severely than Equity will warrant. Each Station of Life, C. Fathers, hath a Behaviour peculiar to it self. They, whose low Condition confine them to Obscurity, may indulge a vindictive Temper with Impunity ; the World is unknowing of the Frailty ; their Frame and Fortunes are equally bounded : But they who administer the Affairs of Empire are set up to the Gaze of Mankind ; their every Action passes the Scrutiny of a whole People ; so that to the greatest Power must be joined the greatest Circumspection. In them Inclination or Aversion is unbecoming, but Revenge is monstrous. Revenge indeed it is called amongst the little People, but in them 'tis Pride, 'tis Savageness and Tyranny. I own, C. Fathers, all Punishments must fall short of their Demerits. But the Attention of the Many
is

is chiefly fixed on the Conclusion of an Affair : The Malefactor is forgot as soon as the Miserable is pitied, and he never fails to be so, whenever his Punishment exceeds the prescribed Rules of Justice.

D. Silanus is undoubtedly a brave and honest Citizen ; what he hath said, I know proceeded from Affection to his Country : Partiality or Prejudice could have no Room in his Determinations ; for I know the Manners and Moderation of the Person I commend. Yet give me Leave to say, his Opinion appears, I won't think cruel (for what can deserve that Censure when applied to these Delinquents) yet certainly foreign to the Nature of our Constitution. What, *Silanus*, but Fear or Injuries, could drive you upon these Innovations ? The Pretence of Fear is superseded by the active Diligence of our illustrious Consul, who has so well provided for our Security. Would you revenge your Injuries, let Bonds and Prisons do you Justice. In Death they will escape your Resentments ; they will there find a Refuge from their Miseries, a secure Harbour against all the Storms of Fortune ; in whose peaceful Bosom nor Hopes nor Fears can find Admittance. But tell me, I adjure you by the immortal Gods, why you made not Scourging part of the Sentence ? Was it

because the *Porcian* Law forbids? But their other Laws forbid the Death of a condemn'd Citizen, and commute the Punishment into Exile. Or was it because Stripes are more severe than Death it self? But can any Thing be too severe for such abandoned Wretches? What Mockery is it then to observe the Laws in a smaller Matter, and neglect them in a greater? But who can condemn us, you say, of Severity against Parricides of the Republick? Time, Fortune, and concurrent Circumstances, give an arbitrary Bias to the Opinions of Mankind; the utmost they can suffer, you say, will not exceed their Deserts; however, C. Fathers, be cautious how you treat others. Most ill Precedents have arose from commendable Originals; but when the Reins of Government are delivered into the Hands of the Wicked, or less deserving, those very Rules which Necessity obliged the Wise and Virtuous to act by, will be perversly and undistinguishingly applied by their foolish or designing Successors. The *Lacedemonians*, when they had conquered *Athens*, set over them a Magistracy of Thirty. These enter'd on their Administration with freeing the City from those Members who were most obnoxious to it, without Regard to the common Forms of Justice. This Proceed-
ing

ing met with universal good Liking and Applause. But they had not been long indulged the Liberty, when the Good and Bad became the equal Objects of their Licentiousness; so that the whole City, which was now fallen a Sacrifice to their wanton Cruelty, too late lamented, in Blood and Tears, the terrible Effects of their stupid Approbation. To come nearer to our own Times; when the victorious *Sulla* cut off *Damasippus*, and other Disturbers of the publick Peace, which of us did not applaud his Justice? But what a black Scene of Miseries did that single Precedent produce? For no sooner had an avaricious Soldier fixed his Eye on a Palace, a Villa, nay, if it was only on a Suit of Hangings, or Piece of Plate, but the Owner was immediately found in the Number of the proscribed. And now those very Men who had been so well satisfied with the Plea of Necessity against *Damasippus*, found the very same renewed to their own Destruction: Nor did the Slaughters cease till *Sulla* had shared the Plunder of *Rome* amongst his rapacious Followers. We have nothing indeed of this Nature to fear, either from the Manners of the Age, or the Moderation of *Marcus Tullius*. But in a large and gross Body there are malignant heterogeneous Humours, whose ill Qualities

ties, while in a State of Rest, are innoxious, but, when indiscreetly set on Float, become fatal to the Constitution. At another Time, and under another Consul, how easy would it be to find colourable Pretences for an unbounded Exercise of Power. When by a Precedent like this, a Decree of Senate hath unsheathed the Consul's Sword, who shall rebate its Edge, or return it to the Scabbard? Our Ancestors, C. Fathers, were neither wanting in the Field, or the Council: They had Modesty enough to improve their own Institutions by such of their Neighbours as appeared worthy of Imitation. Our Arms and military Weapons we borrowed of the *Samnites*; our Ensigns of Magistracy were mostly of *Tuscan* Original: In short, whatever appeared worthy an Imperial City, was it amongst Enemies or Allies, we very wisely made our own; chusing rather to emulate than envy the Advantages of Strangers. At the Time we began to copy after the *Grecian* Manners, we imposed Stripes for the last Punishment of a *Roman* Citizen. As the Republick increased, and the Factions of her Sons kept Pace with her Conquests, the *Porcian* and other Laws were very opportunely made to give a Check to those Evils, and then a Convict was decreed to Banishment. These, Fathers, are my Reasons:

sons why I esteem an Innovation in Punishment prejudicial to the Publick. Their Wisdom and Virtues, which enlarged the City to its present Extent of Empire, from the most contemptible Beginnings, were surely much greater than ours, which scarce know to preserve it in the Condition transmitted to us. Do you suspect then, I advise their Dismission to reinforce the Army of *Catiline*? Far be such Councils from this Assembly! But this I think, that their Effects should be confiscated, and their Persons detained in the richest of our municipal Cities: That whoever hereafter shall sollicite the Senate or People in their Favour, should be esteemed Enemies to their Country, and the Common Safety of its Members.



Tully's Oration

FOR

LIGARIUS, before *Cæsar*.
From the Original.

Asperitatis & invidia, Corrector ET
IRÆ. Hor.

- I.  HE Treason, *Cæsar*, of which my Kinsman *Q. Tubero* now accuses *Q. Ligarius*, for being in *Afric*, is of a Species entirely new, and, till this Day, unknown amongst us: This Charge the accomplished *C. Pansa*, perhaps in Confidence of your Friendship, has been bold enough to confess. So that what Part I am now to act, I know not. I came prepared, as you knew nothing of the Fact, nor could, I presumed, get Information of it, to take Advantage of your Ignorance for the Safety of a miserable Citizen. But since the invidious
Dili-

Diligence of his Enemy has divulged what would have otherwise remained a Secret, 'tis adviseable to plead guilty: Especially when we reflect, that my Colleague *Pansa* has made it almost impracticable to do otherwise. To throw up all then, that may relate to a Defence, my whole Oration shall be one Address to your Mercy, where so many have found their Preservation; not only by a Pardon for their Faults, but an Excuse likewise for their Errors. You obtain then, *Tubero*, what an Accuser most desires; a Confession to his Charge: but such a Confession as involves you too, and what is more, your excellent Father, in its Guilt. You ought first then to implore the Mercy of this Tribunal for yourselves, before you take upon you to provoke its Justice against *Ligarius*. But to the Point.

II. Q. *Ligarius*, when yet there was not the least Suspicion of a Rupture, went with the Proconsul *C. Confidius*, in Quality of Lieutenant, into *Africa*: In which Station he became so acceptable both to Citizens and Associates, that *Confidius* could not leave the Province in any tollerable Disposition to himself, without delegating his Command into the Hands of *Ligarius*. Who, after many vain Efforts to withstand

stand their Importunity, with great Reluctance, at length undertook the Charge, which he administered, during the Calm, with such Honour and Integrity as made him equally dear to Countrymen and Strangers. The War suddenly flamed out; whose Rage, they in *Africa* had felt, before Preparations towards it were so much as heard of. In this Tumult, the Commonalty, partly out of their irregular Appetites, and partly on ungrounded Apprehensions, the result of Interest this, and that of Affection, were clamorous for a Leader: When *Ligarius*, who had now an Eye to *Italy*, and impatiently waited an Opportunity of returning to his Friends, would not suffer himself to be involved in any Affairs that might impede that Resolution. In the Interim comes *P. Accius Varus* to *Utica*, with the Character of the Præturate of *Afric*: A great Concourse immediately assembled to him; and he seized the Government with Circumstances of no great Moderation; if we may call that so, which no Decree of the Constitution, but the Caprice only of a factious Multitude conferred upon him. So that *Ligarius*, who till now had been industrious in avoiding all publick Employments, soon after *Varus's* Arrival, retired into Privacy. And thus far, *Cæsar*, have I conducted *Ligarius*, clear
of

of Contagion : He was so free from Designs of engaging in the War when he left *Rome*, that he had not then the least Suspicion of a Rupture : He went Lieutenant in Peace, and so behaved himself amongst a peaceable People, that he long secured to them the Enjoyment of its Blessings. His Arrival could not then displease you. A much less Reason has his Stay to do so. The Motives of That indeed were nothing scandalous, but This proceeded from the most honourable Necessity. Thus are these two Periods secure from Blame : The one, while in Quality of Lieutenant ; the other, when through the Importunity of the Province, he accepted the supreme Authority. There is a third, and that is, his Stay amongst them after the Arrival of *Varus*. But this, if it be a Fault, Necessity, and not Inclination must answer. For can it be supposed, had it been in his Power to do otherwise, he would have chose *Utica* before *Rome* ; *Varus*, before his dearest Brothers, and Strangers, before his own Family ? When that very Lieutenancy, so immoderate is the Love he bears them, was at first attended with all Anxiety and Solitude. Judge then of his Condition, when torn from them by the Violence of civil Dissentions.

III. You have not yet then, *Cæsar*, the least Proof of *Ligarius's* Aversion to your Service. But see, with what Assurance I defend his Cause, while I betray my own. So wonderful a Clemency shall be a constant Theme in the Mouths, the Writings, and the Monuments of all Posterity. *M. Cicero* defends a Criminal at your Tribunal from being in that Cause, of which he confesses himself a Party ; nor dreads your secret Sentiments ; nor fears what this Apology for his Friend's Innocence, may call up into your Mind of his own Delinquency. And see the Reason of my Confidence. See, while I am now speaking, how the benignant Rays of his Generosity and Wisdom diffuse themselves upon me. Had I a Voice strong enough to proclaim the Favour, all *Rome* should be a Witness of my Gratitude. When the War, Sir, now raged at the highest, without any Force on my Inclinations, but following the Dictates of my Judgment and Affection, I openly joined myself to the Party then in Arms against you. But to whom do I make this Confession ? To him, to him, I say, who knowing all this, yet restored me to my Country, before I could have Time to ask it : Who wrote me Word out of *Egypt*, that he
would

would reinstate me in all my former Dignities: Who, then sole Leader in the *Roman* Empire, condescended to make me his Partner in Command: Who sent me, by this very *Pansa*, the triumphant Falces, which I held as long as Modesty would permit: Who only then thought Life worth my Acceptance, when I could receive it unviolated of its Ornaments. What Reason now, *Tubero*, have I to hesitate in confessing of my Friend's Actions, when I have not scrupled so frankly to relate my own. But I have a farther View in it, that when the Cause of my Apology shall oblige me to say the same of *Tubero*, he may the more readily forgive the Freedom. The Condition and Reputation of this Gentleman I shall be always studious to advance and improve; whether from the Relation he bears to me, from the Value I set upon his Accomplishments, or from the Interest I my self may be supposed to have in them. But give me Leave to ask, who he is that accuses us for being in *Afric*? Is he not one who attempted to be there himself, who complains that *Ligarius* denied him Entrance, and who actually was in Hostilities against *Cesar* himself? For how, *Tubero*, was thy Sword employed, when unsheathed on the Plains of *Pharsalia*, in whose Quarrel was its Edge retunded?

tunded? From which Side did thy Javelin fly? Who then claimed the Service of thy Hand and Heart, thy Prowess and thy Conduct? For what were thy Vows addressed? In what were thy Hopes concentrated? — But I have gone too far. — The generous Youth is in Commotion. — I return to my self. — I also was in the same Engagement. For what did we there, *Tubero*, but struggle to usurp a Power, we now see reposed in the Victor? What Praises, *Cesar*, can describe a Clemency which pardons even those that would divest you of it? That Prudence, *Tubero*, so conspicuous in thy other Actions, is hardly to be found in this: But how much more defective is thy Father's! Is it not surprising, so fine a Genius, so accomplished a Scholar, could not penetrate into the Nature and Consequence of this Accusation? Had he done that, he had advised thee any Method, rather than that thou hast undertaken. But *Ligarius* must be pushed, though he submits: Arraigned, though, in my Opinion, less faulty than thy self, or, by thy own Confession, but equally Criminal. These Proceedings, give me Leave to say, are altogether monstrous. Your Charge is directed, by a natural Tendency, to his Destruction, rather than Condemnation: A Proceeding, till now, unpracticed by a
Citizen

Citizen of *Rome*. To pursue a Resentment to the Death, is of Manners altogether exotick; more beſeeming the Levity of a *Greek*, or the Inhumanity of a Barbarian. But why all this Virulence? Is it to keep him out of *Rome*? To drive him from his Brothers, his Uncle, his Coſin, his Family and his Friends? To baniſh him from his Country? But is he not already in thoſe Circumſtances? Can that Condition be capable of greater Miſeries than thoſe he now ſuffers? It is Death therefore and not Exile that you require. But you ſhall not find a Charge of this Nature, even under the Uſurpation of that Dictator who cut off every Man he hated; the Tyrant was both Judge and Informer, even though he publiſhed Rewards for their Encouragement. That ſcandalous Practice we were ſome Years ago delivered from, by this very *Cæſar*, whom you would perſwade to others equally ſevere. But you have no ſuch Intent, you ſay, I can't think you have, *Tubero*. For I am no Stranger to you, your Father, your Name or Family: The Virtues, the Literature, the Humanity of your illuſtrious Race I am perfectly acquainted with; and can never think you capable of harbouring ſuch bloody Diſpoſitions. But reflect a little, I beſeech you. The Thing has an ill Aſpect, you act as if you thought

his Punishment insufficient. If so, what is there now to inflict but Death? He is already an Exile; what would you farther? Prevent the Possibility of his Return? But that would be exceeding the very Cruelty I charge you with. Will you, while we follow *Cæsar* to his House with Tears and Supplications, while we fall prostrate before him, relying rather on his known Clemency, than our own Innocence? Will you, I say, break in with unbeseeming Virulence on our Sorrows, to frustrate our Petitions, and spurn us from the Footstool of our Deliverer?

IV. While we were privately, and we hope, successfully, interceeding, for the Miserable, should you rudely interrupt us, and clamorously warn *Cæsar* to beware of Mercy, to be cautious how he pardoned, and deaf to our fraternal Supplications, would not the World believe you had thrown off all the Notices of Humanity? How much more shocking is this publick Opposition! And in so general a Calamity to deprive the Wretched of this only Asylum from their Miseries! Let me speak, *Cæsar*, without Reserve, had not your Lenity, a Virtue you owe solely to your self, kept Pace with your Conquests (I have Reason for what I say) a very mournful Victory.

story would this have been to *Rome*. For
 how many were there amongst the Victors
 who had Inclinations to Cruelty, when
 some even of the Vanquished are not asha-
 med to avow those Dispositions? How
 many, who needing no Pardon for them-
 selves, would have given none to others;
 when some, who owe their very Beings to
 it, would deny the Blessings to their Com-
 panions in Misfortune? But could we
 have brought *Cesar* to believe *Ligarius* had
 never been in *Afric*; could we in Pity to
 the Miserable, have slurr'd an honest and
 charitable Fraud upon him? Was it for a
 Man of Honour, in such a Juncture, to de-
 tect the Imposture? Admit it, yet certain-
 ly not for him who was engaged in the
 same Cause, and obnoxious to the same
 Tribunal. But it is one Thing to prevent
Cesar's Errors, and another to oppose his
 Mercy. You had only then said, ——
 Beware, *Cesar*, how you credit. —— *Ligarius*
 was in *Afric*; —— he there bore Arms
 against you. But the Cry is now, —— Be-
 ware, *Cesar*, how you pardon. The Coun-
 sel of a Barbarian to his savage Monarch:
 Which, whoever *Cesar* gives you, will be
 in more Danger of losing his own Humani-
 ty, than violating your's. *Tabero*, likewise,
 if I mistake not, on the Entrance to his
 Charge, promised to speak to the Crimes
 of

of *Ligarius*. You cannot surely but admire, that no other Prosecutions of the same Nature should be brought before you, that a Man, so deeply concerned himself in its Consequences, should commence this, or that a Charge of so uncommon a Nature should ever be begun. You call this a Crime, *Tubero*, but why, I pray you? An Adherence to that Cause was never yet branded with so odious an Appellation: Some indeed, have stiled the unfortunate Espousers of it, erroneous; others needlessly apprehensive: Those who bore yet harder on them, partial, obstinate, ambitious or vindictive: Their greatest Enemies, blind and ungovernable: Criminal, no Man, besides your self, has had the Confidence to call them. Was I required to give a just and proper Name to so epidemical an Evil, doubtless I should call it a calamitous Fatality that had got Possession of our weak, ungarded Minds: An Example to audacious Mortals how easily the wisest humane Councils may be defeated by the fixed Determinations of divine Providence. It is Crime enough, indeed, to be miserable; tho' under such a Victor we cannot be so. I now speak of them only who fell in the Contention.—— They were ambitious, they were vindictive, they were obstinate; —— but let us not accuse
the

the fallen *Pompey*, and his slaughtered Followers, of Madness, Parricide and Impiety. When, *Cesar*, did we ever hear this Language from you? When was your Sword otherwise employed than in driving back the Calumnies cast upon you, with a just Chastisement on the Inventors? Or when did your conquering Troops engage, and not in Defence of their own Rights, and the Dignity of their General? What, when you laboured after Peace, did you offer it to Criminals and Parricides, or to honest, tho' mistaken Citizens? Had the magnificent Favours you heaped upon me, been bestowed on a Villain and a Profligate, how greatly had they abated of their Value! Could you have deserved so well of your Country, by restoring only Traytors and Rebels to its Rights and Liberty? From the first, *Cesar*, you regarded it as the Heat of Party, not the Flames of War; as a civil Dissention, not an hostile Fury. Where all proposed the Service of their Country, though some were led away from its true Interest by Prejudice and Affectation. The Quality of each Leader was very near on a Level, that of their Followers was, perhaps, not so: The Right was then doubtful, for a Man might find something to commend in either Party; but the Side Providence hath
declared

declared for, doth in Modesty and Justice demand our Approbation, tho' it is sufficient, only to be acquainted with your Clemency, to acknowledge the Justice of your Conquests; in which no Man met an untimely Fate, but he who tempted it in the Field.

V. But to return from the common Cause to what concerns our Particular. And now, *Tubero*, after all, which think you was the easier, his Departure out of *Afric*, or your Refusal to go thither? Ought we, you'll say, to oppose the Order of the Senate? True indeed, you ought not. But was not *Ligarius* then, who had the same Order, under the same Obligation? with this Difference only, that he submitted to it, at a Time when the Senate could have extorted Obedience from the Refractory: You, when every one, that was so disposed, might condemn it with Safety. Do I blame you therefore? very far from that. A Disregard of its sacred Injunctions would have ill become either your Name, your House, your Character, or Education. But this indeed cannot escape my Censure, that you should condemn that as criminal in others, which you hold laudable in your selves. *L. Tubero's* Lot came up in his Absence, for a Fit of Illness at that time kept him from *Rome*;

so that he had determined to get himself excused. Our frequent Intercourses let me into this Secret ; for we had been educated under the same Roof, and passed a Campaign under the same Tent, together. An Alliance, between the two Families, confirmed our Intimacy for the Remainder of our Lives ; and a joint Pursuit of one common Study made the Knot of Friendship indissoluble. Upon the whole then I know *Tabero* was desirous to stay at home, but some among us so carried Matters, and so perversely apply'd the most sacred Name of the Republick to partial and sinister Purposes, that had he followed his Inclinations, he had been overborn by the Load of Odium and Clamour they still cast upon all who dissented from them. He yielded to that great Man's Authority, or rather obeyed it : He shared the Fortune of the Cause he had espoused ; but not being over Expeditious, he found *Afric*, on his Arrival, already taken up. From hence springs his Accusation, or rather his Resentment against *Ligarius*. For can he be less Faulty in attempting to seize a mighty Province, formed by Nature for hostile Opposition to this City, than another in struggling to maintain his Possession of it. But, in Truth, this other, was not *Ligarius*. *Varus* gave out, himself had the Command ;

mand ; 'tis certain he assum'd the Ensigns of Authority. But be that as it will: What, *Tubero*, are the Fruits of this Accusation? You was denied Admittance to the Province. But granting it had been given up; would you have delivered it to *Cesar*, or held it out against him? Behold, *Cesar*, What Licence, or more properly, what Licentiousness, your Indulgence introduces. Should *Tubero* reply, that his Father, who received *Africa* by Lot, and a Decree of Senate, would have declared for you; I almost suspect, notwithstanding your own Interest in such a Practice, you had sharply reprov'd him for his Perfidy. For tho' such a Behaviour might not be disagreeable, it would certainly have been disapproved. But to wave all these Suppositions, not so much out of Fear of violating your unconquer'd Patience, as that *Tubero* should be suspected of Designs he never once yet entertained a Thought of. This was the Province that so long, so obstinately gave a Check to *Cesar's* Conquests, where a powerful Monarch, and a rich and numerous People held it out to the last against him. Now give me Leave to ask you what you could propose to do in this Quarter? Tho' the Question is really needless, when we all saw what you actually did. You was forbid to set Foot upon the Province ;

Province : And this you say with all the Circumstances of Injustice and Contempt. Well, let us see how you bore this ill Usage, to whom did you remonstrate ? To whom, but to him whose Authority you followed, and whose Cause you asserted. Had you received the Repulse in *Cæsar's* Service, you had retired under his Ensigns ; but you sought Refuge in the Camp of *Pompey*. Is this then the Place to expect Redresses ? *Ligarius* would not suffer you to make War upon *Cæsar*, and you complain to *Cæsar* of the Injury. Will you restrain a Point a little, and I have given you a fair Opportunity of magnifying your own Merit ; for it is but saying, you would have delivered up the Province to him, in Spight of all *Varo's* Opposition, and the Business is done. Then indeed, who won't condemn *Ligarius* for depriving you of so glorious an Occasion of advancing your Reputation ? But behold, *Cæsar*, the Constancy, the Inflexibility of my accomplished Friend *Tubero* : This, though a Virtue, I shall always esteem as it deserves ; yet should now think it indecent to celebrate, did I not know how superior a Value you always set upon it ; and could mortal Man ever boast a greater : But Constancy is a Word too weak to express so extraordinary a Behaviour, 'twas Patience,

D

'twas

'twas Longanimity. For who ever heard of any before him, in our civil Diffensions, that when rejected by a Party with all the Provocations of Cruelty, ever return'd to it again? What Greatness of Mind then, what Contempt of Fortune, what Consciousness of Innocence must he have, whose steady Purpose of Soul no Dangers could stagger, no Interest draw, no Injuries provoke to forsake the Cause his Reason must yet approve. Had the Contention between *Vanius* and *Tubero* been on an equal Foot as to Name, Distinction, Character and Abilities, which it certainly was not, the latter had, in this, the Advantage, that he acted under the Sanction of a just Authority. When denied Admittance, he went not over to *Cesar*, least Resentment should seem to have a Share in the Revolt; he returned not to his Family. For that would have exposed him to the Censures of Indolence: He retired not to a Place of Neutrality, for that would be called condemning the Cause he had espoused: Towards *Macedon* he steered, again joined *Pompey's* Forces, again thrust himself into that Party from which he had been so ignominiously repulsed. Well, but since nothing you did or suffered could soften that haughty General, you surely then became more remiss and languid in his Service:

vice: We may presume you only sought Refuge in his Garrisons; he indeed had your Persons, but his great Rival, your Affections. Or, to be serious, was it not with you as it is with All, inflamed with Civil Fury, to be possessed with the Spirit of Superiority. I was always an Advocate for Peace; but it was then with the latest. To interpose between two Armies in the Article of Engagement, was the Mediation of a mad Man. We were all, at that Time, taken up with the busy Thoughts of Death or Victory: You, of all Men, had no Room for others, who chose a Station in the Place where that desperate Alternative was just deciding: Though I doubt not but, as Affairs now stand, you prefer your present Safety to all the Advantages of such a Conquest. I had not gone thus far, *Tubero*, had I thought it possible for you to repent of your Perseverence, or *Cesar* of his Clemency. Let me now ask you, if you prosecute for a publick Injury, or a private? If you say for a Publick, what Satisfaction will you give us for your own Delinquencies? If a Private, take Care how you provoke *Cesar* against those Acts in an Enemy, which he hath pardoned in your selves. But think not, *Cesar*, I mean this for a Defence, or that I would thereby insinuate my Client's Innocence. No,

whatever I have said, shall be all resolved into this alone, your Humanity, your Clemency, your Mercy. I am now grown old in the Avocations of the Gown ; I have oft pleaded here in Conjunction with you, while your own Affairs engaged you to the Forum. But a Language of this Kind I am yet to learn.—— Pardon, dread Judges, he hath erred, he is guilty, he was not aware of the Consequences ; but if ever he repeats it.—— Thus we supplicate a Parent. To a Magistrate we say—— he is clear, he is innocent ; the Charge is groundless, the Witnesses are suborned. Assert then, *Cesar*, your Right of Judicature ; we submit to your Authority : Enquire what Places *Ligarius* held out against you. I am silent ; I omit all that might be urged to a Judge in his Defence ; of his going Lieutenant in Peace ; of his Resignation before the War ; of the Force he was under during its Continuance. This might have been of Use before a Magistrate. To a common Parent we thus confess our selves ; I was rash, I was disobedient, but I repent ; my Safety is your Indulgence. To ask a Favour that has never been bestowed, would be arrogant and presumptuous ; but of a common Blessing let me, O my Father, have a Share.

VI. Hath not then *Ligarius* good Reason to hope the best, when even I am allow'd to be his Advocate? Though he places not his Confidence in this Apology, nor in the more powerful Intercession of your Adherents. For I well know what you principally Regard in Petitions of this Nature: the simple Merit of the supplicating Enemy, before the pompous Mediation of a presuming Friend. 'Tis true indeed, so magnificent is your Bounty, that a Follower sometimes appears more happy in the Benefit, than even your self, in the Glory of the Obligation. But I know, as I now said, that Reason, and not Clamour, directs your Clemency; that the truest Object of Pity claims the largest Share of your Humanity. In pardoning *Ligarius* you do a grateful Thing to many of your Followers: But let that best Guide, your own Prudence, still direct you. I could propose to your Consideration the illustrious House of the *Sabini*, Men whose Virtues and Affection you have thoroughly experienced, with the whole *Sabine* Country, the Ornament of *Italy*, and the Pillar of the Republick. But you are no Stranger to their Pretensions: Behold their Tears, their Sorrows and Dejection. See the Habit and Behaviour of *J. Brochus* here, and

his Son ; I know what favourable Sentiments you entertain of them. What shall I say of his Brothers ? 'Tis sufficient, *Cæsar*, to observe, that more than a single Person will be affected by your Resolves ; the Fates of the *Ligarii* are now to be determined : This Juncture must restore all three to their Country, or ever exclude them from it ; for while one remains unpardoned, Exile is dearer to the other two than *Rome*, Family, or Household Gods. If this proceeds from Sorrow, Piety and Affection, let Sorrow, Piety and Affection plead in their Behalf. That wise Maxim which contributed to your Conquests, will contribute likewise to our Success. For how oft have we heard it said, that *Pompey* treated all as Enemies, who declared not for him ; *Cæsar* embraced all as Friends who fought not against him. Regard the Splendor of this Appearance, behold the whole *Brochian* Family ; behold here *L. Martius*, *C. Cæsetius*, *L. Corfidius* ; behold these *Roman* Knights, not only well known to you, but active, and well approved of in your Service. Against these were the Resentments of our Party chiefly levelled ; some of them we summoned to the Quarrel, otherwise we threaten'd for refusing to appear in it. Afford your Friends then the Pleasure of preserving

preserving theirs : And as you have made good all other Declarations, confirm our Opinion of your Veracity, by an Observance of this. Was you perfectly acquainted with the harmonious Concord amongst the three *Ligarii*, you would conclude they were all equally in your Interest. At least I doubt not but you readily believe, that could *Ligarius* have been in *Italy*, he would have followed the Fortunes of his Brothers. For who did not observe their natural, and, I had almost said, inspired Union. All that knew them, did believe any thing might have sooner happen'd than their falling into different Parties. They were all intentionally in your Service, though one was borne away by the Torrent of sinister Accidents; and, did he seem not to resist its Violence, he is but in the Condition of many who have regained your Favour ? Did he go to War ? It was not only against you, but his Brothers also : And lo ! even they are Intercessors for him. As I was always fond and ambitious of interesting my self in your Affairs, I can't but call to mind how much *T. Ligarius*, when City Quæstor, acted for your Service : But why do I pretend to remind you of it ? You, who was never known to forget, (so
great

great is your Genius and Disposition,) any thing besides your Injuries. This very *Ligarius* then, who, as well in all his other Actions, as in that, (without foreseeing this Occasion of urging the Merit of it) hath confirmed himself in your good Opinion, falls your Suppliant for his Brother's Pardon; which obtained, will be restoring the loving, faithful Three, not only to themselves, their Friends, their Clients, but also to their expecting Country. As you have so lately bestowed upon the Senate, the noble *M. Marcellus*, give now to the People, whose Favourite you have always been, these pious, honourable Brothers. Then shall this Day be as joyful to *Rome*, as glorious to your self: Then shall it be an Introduction only to a long Series of succeeding Triumphs; for what so truly popular as the Offices of Humanity? Even in that bright Circle of Virtues that illuminate your God-like Soul, there is none more amiable, none more radiant than your Clemency. Nor can any one approach nearer to the Attributes of Heaven, than by conferring Life and Safety on Mankind. Nor is your great Condition capable of more perfect Happiness than to be able, or your Nature, of higher Excellence than to be willing, to give Liberty

berty and Protection to a whole People. The Occasion does, perhaps, require a longer Apology, but your benignant Disposition would supply a shorter. So thinking the whole better left to your own Wisdom, than pursued farther by me or my Collegue, I will conclude with observing only, that the good or ill Fates of all here present, depend on your Resolves about the absent *Ligarius*.



SELECT



SELECT
LETTERS

From the Younger

P L I N Y.

*Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima
laus est.* Hor.

PLINY TO ATRIVS CLEMENS.

Lib. i. E. 10.

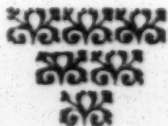


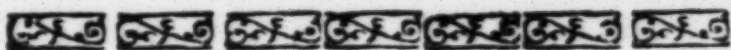
Ever the liberal Sciences might
be said to flourish in *Rome*, it has
certainly the best Claim to that
Honour at present. Of this, I
could give you some illustrious Proofs, but
shall now confine my self to speak only
of

of *Euphrates* the Philosopher. When I was very young in the Army in *Syria*, I first got intimately acquainted with him ; I made it my study to secure his Affection, and 'twas without Difficulty I attained it. For he is open, generous, and inviting, and full of the Humanity that he teaches. Would I could say the Improvements he then conceived me capable of making, are in any Degree proportioned to those he has made in himself ! At least I now admire him more, because I understand him better ; though I still confess my self unable to comprehend his entire Value. For, as you can form no true Judgment of a Picture, a Statue, or a Poem, without some previous Knowledge in each respective Science, so you can have no just Ideas of the good Qualities of the Mind, without a reasonable Share of them in your own Person. Yet the Virtues of *Euphrates* are so conspicuous, that one moderately skilled in Men and Manners, must admire them. His Disputations are acute, delicate and weighty, very much affecting the platonic Sublimity and Exuberance : His Style is copious and extensive, naturally sweet and gentle, but resistless as a Torrent where it meets with Opposition ; add to this a tall comely Personage, with soft flowing Hair, and a long silver Beard : These Incidents you may,

may, perhaps, think trifling in such a Character, yet do they wonderfully command Respect and Veneration. There is nothing shocking or sordid in his Manner ; but throughout the whole appears a graceful Severity, which produces Reverence without Fear. He has joined to the most exalted Piety, the most extensive Humanity. He chastises the Vices, and not the Persons of Men ; and is always more delighted to reform Errors, than expose the Offenders. His Precepts will engage your most serious Attention ; for he gains your Good-will before he forces your Assent. He has now three Children, two of them Sons, on whom he has bestowed the most distinguished Education. His Father-in-Law, *Pompeius Julianus*, so illustrious for a long Series of worthy Actions, of which his chusing this Relation is not the least, though Governor of a Province, preferred him to the most considerable Alliances in *Rome* ; not for his Superiority in Birth or Fortune, but in Wisdom and Virtue. But why should I dwell upon a Subject that gives me so much Disturbance. In short, I can't enjoy that dear Man's Company as usual. I am now in a Station, which as it advances me to the highest Honours, exposes me to all the Inconveniences of a constant Attendance.

dance. I preside in the Judicatory, where my Time is spent in trying Causes, and passing Decrees. I write a great Deal, but all dull dry Letters of Business. Sometimes indeed I steal so much Leisure as to retire to my *Euphrates*, with Complaints of the Fatigue I undergo. He comforts me, by maintaining, that Philosophy is never so well employed as in the Service of one's Country, nor makes so magnificent a Figure as in the Administration of publick Justice; but all his Rhetoric can't persuade me, that I am now happier than when I passed whole Days in imbibing the divine Truths of his Philosophy. So that I would advise you, who have Leisure, to haste up to Town, that he may now polish your Manners, and clear them from the Rust that long Ease is too apt to contract. For I am none of those who envy others the Advantages they want themselves: But, on the contrary, am delighted to let my Friends into the Possession of a Good, I my self am incapable of enjoying.





-P L I N Y

[T O

CALESTRIUS TYRO.

E. 12.

II.



Great Misfortune has lately befallen me, if that Word ben't too weak to describe my Sorrows for the Death of a Man so dear to me, as was *Corælius Rufus*. What swells them beyond all Bounds, is, that he voluntarily procured it. This is an Exit truly terrible, which Fate and Nature seem to have no Hand in. When the Rage of a Distemper drives us hence, we comfort our selves, however, with the supposed Impossibility of its being otherwise; but when our own Hands too assist its Fury, the Grief is inconsolable. *Corælius*, indeed, had all the Motives that wise Men ever hold reasonable, to push him upon that Expedient: Though there were

were no inconsiderable ones to dissuade him from it; as a conscious Virtue, an established Character, and an exalted Condition; a Daughter, a Wife, a Grandson and Sisters; and, amongst so many Pledges of Felicity, not a few real Friends. But so violently was he afflicted, that all these Blessings could not counterbalance the single Misery of an hereditary Gout; for Diseases, as well as other Acquisitions, may be convey'd, in Succession, to Posterity. He had labour'd under its Pressures, as he himself told me, for three and thirty Years together. During the Vigour of his Age, his Continency and Temperance had kept it within reasonable Limits, and now, in the Decline of it, he still braved its Fury by his natural Greatness of Temper. In *Domitian's* Reign I visited him in the Suburbs, as he lay under its most disgraceful Tortures; for it was not now confined to one Part, as usual, but had spread it self through every Member: On my Entrance his People retired, as was their Custom on these Occasions, and with them, his Wife, though a Woman equal to the greatest Secrets; when casting his Eyes around, did you think, says he, I thus long protracted a miserable Being, from the Fear of Death? No, let me but survive the Tyrant a Day, an Hour, and

'tis enough. Had I a Body proportion'd to my Mind, I should not doubt to effect it. The Gods consented; he had his Wish; and now he dies both free and happy. He overcame, after this, many, tho' less violent Returns of the Distemper. But now it gained Ground upon him: He still endeavour'd to stem it by Abstinence, but his Constancy failing, it poured in upon him like a Deluge. He had now, for four Days together, refused all Sustenance, when his Wife, *Hispulla*, sent our common Friend *C. Geminus* to me, with the sorrowful Message of his fatal Resolution. That neither their Prayers, nor those of his beloved Daughter, could dissuade him from his Purpose. And that, of all those who had any Interest in him, they had only me left to apply to. I ran, I flew, but had scarce crossed the Street when another Message from *Hispulla* met me, with Word, that now even my Interposition would be too late; that he was more obstinately resolved than ever. When his Physician afterwards offer'd Food to him, he put it back with only, *I have conquer'd*. An Expression that makes me as much admire the Hero, as regret the Friend. I now discover the Value of the Man I have lost. I know he had pass'd the sixty seventh Year of his Age, a Period the most healthy of us might be

be well contented with. I know he hath escaped the Evils of an inveterate Distemper. I know he has left his own Affairs, and the Public, which were ever dearer to him than his own, in a good Condition. All this I know, yet such is the Capriciousness of my Grief, that I can't forbear lamenting him, as I would the untimely Fate of a Youth, or the sudden Death of one in perfect Health; tho' I confess, to my Discredit, my Sorrow is very selfish at the Bottom. For I have lost the Guide, the Witness, the Director of my Actions. Shall I tell you what in the Overflowings of my Grief, I just now said to *Calvisius*, that I was afraid I should live less circumspectly. Afford me, my Friend, what Consolation you are able: But let it not be in this Strain, *He was old, He was infirm*, and so forth; for who knows that better than my self? But give me something new, something weighty, something, in short, that I never yet heard or read of; for, as much as this comes to, is all now before me, and all too slender to encounter so violent a Sorrow.



P L I N Y

T O

J U N I U S M A U R I C U S .

E. 14.

III.



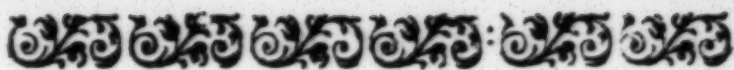
N desiring me to look out an Husband for your Niece, you could not possibly recommend a more grateful Employment to me. For you know how much I love and honour that excellent Man her Father, whose Precepts formed my Youth, and whose Praises were an Earnest of a future Merit. Could you command me a weightier Task, or I obey a more honourable Imposition, than to chuse a Youth worthy to bring Grandchildren to the House of *Arulenus Rusticus* ? But, in Search of such a one, I should have long remained suspended in my Choice, had not *Munitius Acilianus*, who seems designed by Providence to this Relation, stood ready to determine it : He loves me

as

as his Equal, reveres me as his Senior, and takes the same Delight in my Instructions, as I formerly did in yours. His Country is *Brixia*, a Part of *Italy* that yet retains very much of the old Frugality, Virtue and Simplicity. *Munitius Macrinus* is his Father, chief of the Equestrian Order, for he was always averse to higher Dignities. Being set out for the Prætorate by the divine *Vespasian*, he resolutely preferred an honourable Retirement to what we call Distinction, or, more openly, Ambition. His Grandmother, on the other Side, is *Serrana Procula*, of *Patavium*. You are no Stranger to the Manners of that Place; and *Serrana* is an exact Pattern of the rigid *Patavinian* Virtue. *P. Acilius* is his Uncle, a Man of singular Honour, Prudence and Discretion. In short, there is nothing in his Family that you would not wish transplanted into yours. *Acilianus* himself is a Man of extraordinary Address and Vigour, and of the greatest Modesty. He has passed thro' the several Offices of Quæstor, Tribune and Prætor, with Honour and Reputation; so that your Family will be intirely freed from the Trouble of making Interest for him. He has an open ingenuous Front, a florid, sanguine Complexion; his whole Person is well turn'd, and his genteel Air speaks him a
Man

Man of Quality ; which are Circumstances, in my Opinion, by no means to be neglected ; as but the reasonable Reward of a young Lady's Chastity. I don't know whether it be necessary to add, that his Father has a large Estate ; for when I consider the Family for which I am to provide a Son-in-Law, it seems mercenary to mention his Possessions ; but when, on the other Hand, I regard our public Laws and Constitutions, which make the Party's Fortunes their Principal Concern, I suspect it ought not to be altogether overlook'd ; and indeed, if we reflect how necessary such Provisions are to the Happiness of our latest Posterity, we may very well conclude them to be worth a wise Man's Notice. Perhaps you may suspect my Affections has out-run my Judgment in this Account ; but, upon my Honour, you will find I have rather stopp'd short of the Truth, than exceeded it. I have, indeed, the most cordial Value for the young Gentleman, and he well deserves it : Yet I can't shew that better than to forbear loading him with Commendations.

PLINY



P L I N Y
T O
EURITIUS.

E. 16.

IV.



Had an uncommon Respect for *Pompeius Saturninus* ; he, our Friend I mean ; and a great Opinion of his Genius, before I knew the Easiness, Compass and Command of it ; but now he possesses my Soul without a Rival. I have heard him plead with all the Accuracy and Fire, joined to a Manner, the most polite and delicate imaginable, whether in *extempore* or premeditated Orations. The Sentences are frequent and apposite, the Disposition elegant and solemn, and the Style harmonious and pure. When he gives a Loose to the Rage, the Torrent of his Oratory, 'tis all wonderfully charming. Nor are his more cool and sedate
ones

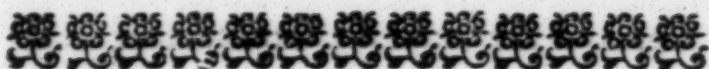
ones without their Beauties. You will be of my Opinion when you read his Performances, where, with Pleasure, you may trace him thro' each mighty Ancient, whose Writings he has the Ambition to emulate. His historical Compositions will give you yet better Entertainment, whether you regard the Ease, the Light, the Splendor, or the Majesty of the Narration. For the same Spirit we so much admire in his Oration, animates his History, tho' in this more collected, concise and close. He has a Genius too for Poetry, and that not inferior to *Calvus* and *Catullus*. How gay, how joyous, how pointed, how gallant are those Composures! sometimes, indeed, tho' never but where the Subject will allow, he trifles in little low Humour, with the little affected Harshness or Softness of a Diminutive: And in this you have the very Soul of *Calvus* or *Catullus*. He read to me, the other Day, some Letters, where he said were his Wife's: And I really thought I had heard *Plautus* or *Terence*, freed from the Restraints of Measure. Whether they be his Wife's, or his own, the Credit of the Performance will remain with him; either as the immediate Composer, or the Instructor of a Wife whom he married very young, and has render'd so polite and accomplished. You may be sure then his

Writings

Writings are seldom out of my Hands ; the same are my Pattern, the same my Rule, and the same my Amusement in my softest Hours : But the new and different Beauties I daily discover in them, will hardly permit me to call them the same. I would have you, my Friend, to make this Use of them. Nor can it be any reasonable Objection, that the Author is still living. Had he been born in some former Age, his Works had been, by this Time, not only prized, but even venerated ; as it is the whole Possession of so rich a Jewel creates Satiety, and even abates its real Value. But it is the Effect of a base and envious Disposition, not to admire the most worthy Object of Admiration, merely because we see him, hear him, embrace him, and can't praise without loving him,



PLINY



P L I N Y

T O

C A T I L I U S S E V E R U S .

Ep. 22.

V.



Have been detain'd now in Town longer than usual, and, indeed, upon a very melancholy Occasion. The long malignant Indisposition of *Titus Aristo*, for whom I have the utmost Value and Esteem, very sensibly afflicts me. The Piety, good Sense, and Erudition of this Gentleman, are so distinguishingly eminent, that it is not the Loss of one learned Member only that we fear, but of the whole Body of Science it self, and all polite Literature in him. How great is his Knowledge of the Laws, and of their private and public Obligations? How well skilled in Antiquity, in Men and Things? There is nothing you would esteem worth your knowing, that he is
not

not capable of teaching you. He is, indeed, my Treasury that I always have Recourse to, in an Exigence of this Nature. How sincere is his Converse ! How authoritative his Delivery ! How becoming, how rational is his Diffidence ! What is there that he is not Master of at first View ? And yet he generally deliberates on the Point ; but then his great Fruitfulness of Invention is the Cause. He traces his Reasons to their first Principles, which he then examines, sorts and clears up with the most surprising Accuracy and Penetration ; add to this, the utmost Temperance in Diet, and Modesty in Dress. His Person, his Bed and Board, are the truest Images of primitive Simplicity and Frugality. His Greatness of Mind gives a Grace to his Actions, and discovers a virtuous Consciousness void of Ostentation ; for he places his Reward of well doing, not in the empty Applause of the Populace ; but the intrinsic Merit of the Thing. In short, the Pretenders to Wisdom, by an affected Severity in Mien and Habit, fall far below the Worth of this great Person. 'Tis true, he frequents not the publick Schools, nor indulges his own Leisure nor his Auditors, with long entertaining Disputations, but is a Man of Business, and well versed in the Employments of the Gown.

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He

He is serviceable to many in Person, and to more in his Advice; and yet in the private Duties of Continnence, Piety, Justice and Fortitude, he claims the foremost Rank amongst their most eminent Professors. You would be surprized, was you here, to see how patiently he bears his Illness; how heroically his Pains; how unconcernedly his Thirst, and how resigned and regular he is amidst the devouring Fires of a raging Fever. It was but just now that he sent for me, and a few other of his most bosom Friends, to desire us to consult the Physicians on their final Opinion of his Distemper; for that if it was unmanagable by their Art, his own Hand should immediately finish his Life and Malady together; but if they could entertain any reasonable Hopes of his Recovery, he had so much Regard to the Prayers of his Wife, the Tears of his Daughter, and the Entreaty of us his Friends, as to submit to all Means necessary for the Cure. A Behaviour truly gallant, and deserving of our loudest Praises. For to run upon Death in a Flush of Temper, the Effects of a mere mechanical Impulse, is the Behaviour of the Many: But to go about the Affair deliberately, to examine every Circumstance, and to determine of Life and Death as the Weight of Reason shall preponderate

ponderate, is the highest Indication of an Heroe. But the Physicians are propitious to our Enquiries, and would Heaven be so to our Petitions, I should have no more to ask ; but in Peace and Satisfaction retire to the charming Shades of *Laurentinus* ; that is, to the studious Vacation of Reading and Writing ; at present I have not Leisure nor Inclination to do either. And thus I have discovered to you my Hopes, my Fears, and future Prospects. Do you, in your Turn, tho' in a less melancholy Strain, acquaint me with what you are now doing ; what you intend to do, and what you have a Disposition for. It will be no small Solace to my Grief, to find you free from every Occasion of the like.





P L I N Y

T O

PRISCUS.

L. 2. E. 13.

VI.



Am well satisfied how solicitous you are in seeking all Opportunities to oblige me, and I'll assure you I don't contract Debts of Gratitude so willingly of any Person as your self. 'Tis for these two Reasons chiefly, I am induced to make the following Request, and must receive no Denial. You command a Royal Army, so have abundant Means of exercising the Generosity of your Temper. As this hath been long in your Power, so hath it been long in your Friend's Expectation. You may guess, by this Time, the Nature of my Petition. I have not many to recommend ; tho' I know the Number
would

would only enhance your Alacrity in their Service ; but Modesty will not permit me to patronize above one or two. Nay, I will confine my self to one only, and that shall be *Voconius Romanus* : His Father was a very worthy Gentleman of the Equestrian Order ; his Father-in-Law was still more deserving, and, indeed, a real Father, whose Name and Virtues he has transmitted to him. His Mother was of the best Family in the Hither *Spain*. You know how considerable that Province is, and how productive of great Personages. He was lately made Flamen. When we studied together, I contracted a close Friendship with him. We were inseparable both in Town and Country, and Sharers with each other, in our serious, as well as open Hours ; for where could I find a more faithful Friend, or more agreeable Companion. His Conversation is easy and engaging, and so is his very Aspect, enlivened by a sublime and piercing Wit, tho' sweet and polite, and admirably well turned and improved for Business. His Letters would tempt you to think the Muses spoke *Latin*. My Affection for him, can be equalled by nothing but by his for me. What Service one young Man could do for another, I have already done for him ; and lately got him, of our excellent

Master, the *jus trium liberorum*; which, tho' a Favour rarely granted, and but to the most deserving, yet was he pleased to accompany it with all the Grace of a voluntary Obligation. I can't better preserve the Merit of these Services, than by increasing them; for they are so gratefully understood, that the manner of his receiving the Present, intitles him to succeeding ones. Thus you see the great Value I have for him, and how well he deserves it. Pray then distinguish him agreeable to your generous Temper; and high Command. In the first Place make him your Friend: For tho' you give him the best Office in your Army, it cannot be more deserving of him than his Friendship is of you; and how capacious it is of the most Bosom Intimacies, you may see by the short Account I have given you of his Studies, Manners, and Way of Life. I should now repeat my Request, did I not know your Aver- sion to this Way of bespeaking Favours, and that my whole Letter hath been but a continu'd Repetition of it: Tho' that Man's Petition is certainly the best founded who gives his Reasons for preferring it.

PLINY

P L I N Y

T O

G A V I U S M A X I M U S.

L. 3. E. 2.

VII.



Y Readiness to serve your Friends, on any Occasion, gives me now a sort of Right to demand your Service for mine. *Arrianus Maturius* is the most considerable Person in *Altinum*: But when I say that, I don't mean he hath the largest Estate there, tho' he hath a noble Fortune; but that his Continnence, Justice, Sobriety and Prudence, place him in the foremost Rank of the Deserving. I depend very much on his Capacity in Business, as I do on his fine Taste in Litrature. For he abounds in Friendship, Fidelity, and good Sense. His Affection for me, to say the most I can of it, is equal to your own. He is a perfect Stranger to Ambition, so hath sat down

con-

contented with the Equestrian Order, when he might very easily have ascended to the highest. Yet a Friend must not suffer this Temper to prevail to his Disadvantage ; so that I think it incumbent on me to get something for him, undesired, unlook'd, and, perhaps, unwished for : But a Post of Honour, and free from the Fatigue of Attendance it must be, and beg the first that falls : The Favour will be gratefully acknowledged ; and, tho' unthought, will meet with all the generous Returns you might expect from the closest Attendant on your Levee.



PLINY



P L I N Y

T O

J U L I U S G E N I T O R.

E. II.

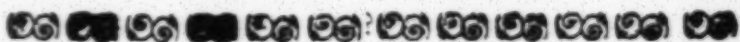
VIII.



Rtemidorus is of so very grateful a Disposition, that he ever sets an immoderate value on the Services of his Friends, which makes him blaze those I did for him, in Terms far exceeding that slender Obligation. When the *Philosophers* were banished from the City, I accompanied him in Exile; and the Prætorate, which I then held, made this Testimony of my Affection the more dangerous, as it was remarkable. I likewise gave him a Sum of Money, (which I took up at Interest) to discharge some Debts, that he had contracted on very honourable Occasions, while a great Number of his most wealthy Friends stood by unconcerned

ed at his Necessities: And all this, at a Time, when seven of my best Friends, were either slain, or banished. So that I appeared, as it were, scorched and confounded by the Thunder, that had laid all about me in Ruins; and might reasonably preface the now impending Bolt was aimed at my Destruction. But these can't deserve the Praises he bestows upon them. It suffices that I kept clear of Ignominy; for I had an affectionate Veneration, for his Father-in-law, C. *Musonius*, as much as our Difference of Years would allow; and the most strict Friendship with himself, which we had contracted when I was Tribune in *Syria*: Where I first gave some Promise of a tollerable Genius, in the Discovery of my Friend's great Wisdom, or something so like Wisdom, as not to be distinguished from it. For in all that Tribe of Men, who now call themselves *Philosophers*, you shall scarce find one indowed with so much Truth and Sincerity. Should I tell you of his Patience, amidst the Inclemencies of Climes, and Seasons, his unintermitted Labours, his abstemious Temperance, and unspotted Chastity. Virtues that would set up an ordinary *Philosopher*, but in him are only the Appendages to others more illustrious, which intituled him to the Honour
of

of *Musonius's* Choice in Preference to Competitors of every Order. No Reflection, I confess, can be more agreeable, than the Thoughts of finding my self recommended to you, by so excellent a Person. I am only afraid he will observe no Mien in his Encomiums, for his grateful Temper, as I said before, hurries him beyond all Limits: On this Head alone, on all others, most consummately prudent, he is biated by an honest, tho' erroneous Motive, to say better of his Friends than they deserve.



P L I N Y

T O

MAXIMUS.

L. 7. E 26.

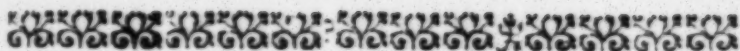
IX.



THE Indisposition of a certain Friend has taught me to think, that we are generally best behaved while under the Scourge of a Distemper. For who, in those Circumstances

ces ever felt the Pangs of Lust or Avarice? The Gentleman, I now speak of, is an Enemy to Pleasure, indifferent to Honours, negligent of Wealth as a Trifle he is about to leave, and easy under the smallest Allotment of Fortune. The Imbecility of humane Nature Teaches him to Rely more steadily on the divine. He envys not this Man, admires not that, nor despises the other. He listens not to the Calumny of the Times, nor delights to hear it. His Mind runs mostly upon Baths and Fountains. It is the Sum of his Concern and Wishes, if he get over the Difficulty, to pass the Remainder of his Days in soft and gentle Pleasures, that is, in such only, as sute an innocent and happy Life. Thus can I comprehend in two Words, for your Instruction and my own, what the *Philosophers* in so many Volumes have endeavoured to inculcate. That we ought to live just so in Health, as we should, was the Image of Mortality constantly before our Eyes.





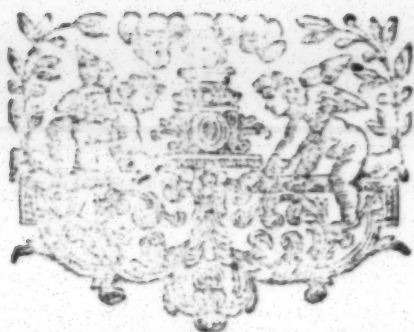
P L I N Y
T O
SEPTITIUS.
E. 28.

X.



O U tell me, I have been arraign'd for launching out, on every Occasion, into immoderate Commendations of my Friends. I acknowledge the Charge, and glory in the Truth of it; for what more commendable Extravagance, than the overflowings of Humanity? But who are these, that pretend to know them so much better than my self? Are they so very penetrating, why then do they envy me the Pleasure of this transporting Error? Are these below the Opinion, I have of them, my Mistake is far more delightful than so joyless an Information. The good natured Gentlemen
G may

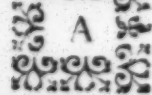
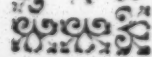
may spare their Animadversions for them, and, to their Comfort, they are not a few, who place a Merit in the hitting on a Friend's Foible; for I am not to be persuaded that I think better of mine than they deserve.





THE FIRST
B O O K
O F
Boetius's Consolation
O F
PHILOSOPHY.

From the ORIGINAL.


 S I lay musing on the Wretched-

 A ness of my Condition, and poeti-

 cally lamenting, in such Strains
 as my Sorrows dictated, a Wo-
 man of a very reverend Aspect, methought
 stood over me; her Eyes were bright and
 sparkling,

sparkling, and the Sharpness of her Ken more than Humane, her Complexion florid, her Vigour unexhausted, but too full of Years to be thought an Off-spring of the present Age. Her Stature I could reduce to no certain Standard, for now she was of common Size ; but now she seemed to raise her Head above the Clouds, to penetrate the very Heavens, and deride the dazzled Impotence of gazing Mortals. Her Garments were of the finest Thread, and most artful Contexture, sacred and imperishable ; which, as she afterwards told me, were the Work of her own Fingers. Their Gloss and Lustre, as we see in faded Hangings, were very much defiled by the Negligence of Time ; on the Border was inwove the Letter Π , but near the Breast I observed a Θ ; and between these, in a regular Scale, were certain Characters that artfully connected the two Extrems ; yet she appeared of late to have been very roughly handled, and on her tattered Habit might be seen the Violence of contending Ravishers, who had each left the Marks of his boisterous Rage upon it. A Volume graced her right Hand, and an imperial Scepter her left. When she saw the Muses attending round my Couch, and improving my Sorrows into Verse, she made a sudden Stop, and who, says she, with Eyes sparkling

ling with Rage, gave these glaring Strumpets Access to his distemper'd Mind? whose poisonous Applications are so far from contributing to his Recovery, that they inflame the Distemper. These are they who destroy the hopeful Harvest of Reason, by sowing over it the Thorns and Thistles of the Passions; they can only reconcile the Mind to the Disease, they have not Skill enough to banish the Disease from the Mind. Had your Blandishments seduced, as usual, a prophane and vulgar Spirit, I had hardly disturbed you in your Conquests; for my Empire would have suffered little by it, but he before us has been nurtured in the Porch, and the Academy. Then be gone, ye *Sirens*, whose Musick leads to as certain Destruction, and leave the Care of his Recovery to the divine *Urania*. Stung with these Reproaches, the whole Choir appeared dejected, their Modesty reden'd into Blushes, and they sought the Door in Grief and Confusion. I remained all this while immoveable, Tears had darken'd and deform'd my Countenance; I could not conceive who this imperious Woman should be, but lay fixed in Contemplation, silently attending on the Issue; when she now approached and sat down upon my Couch, and seeing my Visage clouded with Sor-

row, and cast dejectedly on the Ground, she calmed the Distraction of my Mind with Measures adapted to my Condition.

But it is now time, says she, to apply a Remedy, and leave off lamenting the Disease ; then looking stedfastly upon me, Are you the Man, she cry'd, who once hung upon these Breasts, and was fash'on'd by these forming Hands ? The Man who was once thought superior to the Injuries of Fortune ? Was it for this I grac'd you with the celestial Panoply of Philosophy ? Which had you not cast off like a Coward, would have secured you against the Wretchedness of your Fate. Do you know your Mistress, or have you forgot your Benefactress ? Why are you silent ? Does Shame or Insensibility restrain you ? I could wish it were the first, but can see too plainly 'tis the latter. When she still found me mute and dumb to all her Questions, she rais'd her Hand gently to my Breast, and said, there is no Danger however ; 'tis a Lethargy he suffers, the common Malady of deluded Minds. He is a little lost to himself at present, but will recover his Understanding, with the Knowledge of his Physician ; and to assist him in the Discovery, let us clear his Sight from the dark Clouds of Mortality

tality that overspread it. So saying, she dried my watery Eyes with a Corner of her Garment.

When this Gloominess was dispersed, the Day broke in upon me, and then I first knew the Face of my Deliverer ; for on an attentive Survey, I discovered in her all the correspondent Features of my Governess's Philosophy, under whose Roof I spent my Youth-hood. Thou Queen of all Virtues, I thus address'd her, what hath induced thee to elude my Guards, and to visit me in this dreadful Solitude ? Or, it may be, a false Crimination hath traduced thy Innocence, and made thee too acquainted with the Miseries of a Prison. Could I, my dear Pupil, reply'd the Goddess, desert you at this Juncture, and refuse to bear a Share of your Burthen ? A Burthen that your Relation to me hath made the heavier. Could I suffer you to groan under its Oppression, and not lend one helping Hand ? Far be it from Philosophy to forsake the Care of Innocence, when the Storms of adverse Fortune begin to beat upon it. But pray, where would be the Wonder of an Accusation against me ? 'Tis a Prodigy ; I suspect not very uncommon. Have you but now discovered, that Wisdom may fall a Sacrifice to Folly and Impiety ?

ty? Have not I long struggled, long before the Time of my Favourite *Plato*, with the united Madneſs of Vice and Ignorance? And did not he ſee his Maſter *Socrates* triumph, in my Quarrel, over Death and the *Areopagus*? When afterwards the Stoicks, and prophane Herd of *Epicurus*, with all the monſtrous Spawn of miſcreated Science, had rent and tore in Pieces the noble Heritage he left them, they fell foul upon me; each claimed me for his own, and, as it were a Conteſt for Prey and Rapine, laid violent Hands upon my Perſon, and left me, as you ſind by this violated Garment, the Work of my own Hands, in the ragged Condition in which I now appear before you. But it was pleaſant enough to ſee how each Man who had ſcatſhed away an handful of it in the Scuffle, retired ſecretly elated with the Victory, and well perſwaded that he had carried me off entire. The Vulgar, when they ſaw them thus triumphing in my Spoils, and decked in the ragged Remnants of my Habit, blindly taking them for my Followers, prepoſterouſly fought to wrack their Hate upon me, in theſe Pretenders to my Favours. But if neither the Flight of *Anaxagoras*, the Poiſon of *Socrates*, nor the Tortures of *Zeno* have reached your Knowledge,

Knowledge, yet the nearer Instances of the *Canii*, the *Seneca's*, the *Sorani*, of no long, nor no inglorious Memory, you can be no Stranger to. These were brought into Judgment for no other Crime than adhering to my Precepts, and deviating from the Manners of the Vulgar. It is nothing strange then, if, in this troubled Ocean of Mortality, Men suffer by the Violence of Storms and Tempests; and that we become most exposed to them who disdain to veer with every Blast. The Party against us are as contemptible for their Power, as formidable for their Number. A blind, ungoverned, headless Monster, conducted by Error, and lashed on by the Furies. If haply formed into a resistless Confederacy, your Leader retreats into her Citadel, and all their boasted Conquests, at last, end in the Plunder of our forsaken Baggage, the vile Impediments of our Warfare: While we, impregnable to Assaults, look down with Derision on the vain Impotence of these outrageous mad Men; secure from the Storms of popular Fury, and where 'tis Impiety for the Tread of Folly to approach.

Are you disposed, says she, for Consolation? Will you let it freely operate on your Mind? Or is it with you according
to

to the Proverb of *Acrus, ad lyram*? Why all these Tears? Why these ridiculous Complaints?

*Why grieves my Son? Thy Anguish let me
share;
Reveal the Cause, and trust a Parent's Care.*

He that expects Assistance of his Physician, must lay open his Case to him without Reserve. Then recollecting my Courage, are you yet, replied I, to be told my Condition? Does not this Storm of Fortune beat too fiercely on me to be unperceived? And the frightful Aspect of this Abode sufficiently proclaim the Misery of its Inhabitant? Hath it the least Resemblance to the Splendor and Magnificence of my Palace Library, so constantly illuminated by your sacred Presence? Where we so oft have revelled on the unexhausted Stores of divine and humane Knowledge. Was this the Air, this the Habit I appeared in, when we explored together the deepest Secrets of Nature? When you pointed out to me the various Courses of the celestial Planets? When you formed my Manners, when you rectified my Reason by the great Exemplar of Heaven? Are these the Rewards of my Obedience? Did you not affix your
Sanction

Sanction to that Aphorism of *Plato*, " That
 " happy would be that Republick whose
 " Magistrates were Lovers of Wisdom, or
 " whose Philosophers were Statesmen " ?
 From the same Mouth you shew'd us the
 Necessity of appearing at the Helm, least
 the Sword of Justice, when committed to
 the Hands of a profligate Ruler, should be
 perverted to the Destruction of the Vir-
 tuous. In Devotion to you then, I was
 fond of practising in the Administration
 what you taught me in Retirement. Be
 thou, and the Almighty, who disposes
 the Minds of Men for thy Reception, my
 Witness, that nothing but a generous Am-
 bition to promote the common Happiness
 engaged me in the Service of the Pub-
 lick. I still preserved, amidst all the Ma-
 chinations of Courtiers, and meer State-
 men, a Conscience void of Offence, and
 regardless of the Frowns of the Mighty ;
 protected distressed Innocence against the
 Fury of its Oppressors. How oft have I
 opposed my self to the Rage of *Cinigassus*,
 and snatched the Prey from the Devourer.
 How oft have I overthrown the Master
 of the Palace *Triguill*, when ready to tri-
 umph in the Spoils of the Guiltless ? How
 oft have I rescued the Miserable, sur-
 rounded with Dangers, and opposed my
 Authority to the licentious Avarice of
 their

their barbarous Oppressors? While not the united Powers of Hell and Tyranny could ever force me from the steady Center of Justice. The Misfortunes of the harass'd Provinces, laid waste by private Rapine and publick Oppressions, affected me with all the Tenderneſs of a Fellow-Sufferer. When an Order for ingroſſing Proviſions had threaten'd all *Campania*, then ſinking under oppreſſive Famine, with Deſtruction, I withſtood the Captain of the Guard, in Defence of that devoted Province: The Matter came before the Emperor, and I obtain'd a Revocation of the Ediſt. The Courtiers had now marked out *Paulinus*, that well-fed Conſular, for Sacrifice, when I drew the Victim from the very Jaws of thoſe greedy Dogs of *Palatine*. To cover *Albinus*, another Conſular, from the Battery of a wicked Proſecution, I drew upon my ſelf the Odium of *Cyprian*, the Informer. It was this Behaviour, you will ſay, that raiſed theſe Enemies againſt me. I grant it; but ought not this then to have endeared me to the Injured? When this alone, ſo great my love of Juſtice, was all the Stock of Intereſt I had laid in at Court for my Security; but you will hardly gueſs the Character of my Proſecutors; as *Baſilius*, who having loſt his Places at Court, uſed the Pre-
tence

tence of Indigence for turning Informer for his Bread, and *Opilio* and *Gaudentius* ; who, when the Emperor had sentenced him into Banishment for their oft repeated Misdemeanors, had taken Sanctuary at the holy Altar ; his Majesty, provoked at their Disobedience, decreed, by Proclamation, that unless they left *Ravenna* by a Day appointed, they should be stigmatized on the Forehead with the publick Brand of common Malefactors. Can I, after this, be capable of greater Misery ? For lo ! these very Patriots, on that very Day, commence a Prosecution against me. How shall we reconcile all this to the eternal Rules of Just and Right ? Must my Reputation be attacked because they have none to defend ? Or could their Conviction, because the Court had fore-doomed my Fall, qualify them to procure mine ? Fortune her self might blush, if not for the Destruction of the Innocent, at least for the Character of the Destroyers. But you ask, without more Words, the Nature of my Accusation. They charge me with Designs of serving the Senate. Would you know what they mean by it ? I discountenanced an Informer, it seems, who was preparing a Charge of High Treason against that venerable Body ; and now, my Mistress, give me your Opinion. Shall I deny the

Fact, out of Regard to your Honour? No, I avow my Duty to that august Assembly, and shall ever, surely, have the Courage to avow it. Shall I confess? But so false an Accusation cannot long maintain its Ground. Or shall I own it a Crime in wishing well to that Order? Their late Treatment of me would, indeed, almost persuade one to think so; but Folly may flatter it self to Destruction, before it can reconcile its own Partiality to Truth and Justice; for *Socrates* was, in my Opinion, never more in the Right than when he pronounced it equally criminal to conceal a Truth, and insinuate a Falshood: But be that as it will, which I leave to you and your Followers Consideration; the Matter of Fact, for the Information of Posterity, I have committed to Writing, with all becoming Candour and Disprejudice. As to those fictitious Letters, on whose Credit I am accused of wishing for the *Roman* Liberty, I have little need to speak. The Detection of that Imposture had not been now to make, had I been allowed (the common Right of all under Prosecution) to appeal to the Confessions of my Accusers themselves: A Plea, on all Occasions, of the utmost Weight and Validity. But what farther Liberty can we hope for? O that we had any reasonable Expectation of a greater!

greater ! I would then say with *Canis*, who, when charged by *C. Caesar*, the Son of *Germanicus*, for being privy to a Conspiracy against him, thus bravely replied, *Was I really in that Secret, you should be the last Man I would make my Confident*. On the whole then, my Misfortunes have not so far defaced my former Experience, as to sink me into weak and womanish Complaints, for Innocence attack'd by the confederated Hands of Impiety ; but that their Outrage should be crowned with Success, is what awakes my strongest Admiration. A Proneness to Ill is, perhaps, the Infirmary of humane Nature ; but a Power in the Wicked, to effect it on the Virtuous, and God himself a Spectator of the Villany, draws after it Conclusions of a very monstrous Aspect. With the same Views, excusably enough, did one of your Acquaintance ask this Question ; *If there be a God, how got Evil Footing in the World ? If there be none, shew me the Origin of Good*. Now, granting it, no Wonder that these Wretches, who seek the Blood of the Senate, and all honest Citizens, should labour for my Destruction, whom they have always found a faithful Champion for the Safety of both : Yet for that Senate too, that very Senate, to join with them in my Ruin, may surely justify all I have said, or doubted,

On this Occasion. You, I presume, remember, for your presiding Influence still dictated to my Thoughts, my Words, my Actions; You, I say remember when the avaritious Monarch, attempting our common Slaughter, would have got the Crime charged on *Albinus*, the Senator, transferred upon the whole Order; how, regardless of my own Safety, I defended the Innocence of the Senate against his impious Attacks. You know this to be strictly true; and more, that it is doing Violence to my Modesty to relate it. For the ostentatious Trifler exchanges the solid Pleasures of a virtuous Consciousness, for the gilded Bawble of an airy Reputation. But see the Rewards my Innocence hath procured me; for the Practice of true Virtue, I receive the Punishment of a false Crimination. Could even the most clear Conviction of the most monstrous Enormities justify a Bench of Judges in combining to make no Allowances for the Errors of humane Nature, and the Instability of a mortal Condition? Had I been accused of firing Temples, of butchering their Priests at the Altar, and contriving the common Destruction of the Good and Virtuous, yet the Laws of Nature allow me a personal Defence, and require either Confession or Conviction before Sentence;
but

but see me forc'd, unheard, almost five hundred Miles from *Rome*, friendless and defenceless, condemned to Death and Confiscation, and all for my too great Affection for the Senate. May you, the grateful Guardians of the *Roman* Liberties, live safe from the like Prosecutions ! Nay, they did not stop here, but to fully even my former Honours, which they regarded with an evil Eye ; they most impudently gave out, I had polluted my Conscience by Impiety in obtaining them. But your sacred Influence, the bright Inhabitant of my Bosom, kept out the Lust of Grandure, and the Appetite for terrene Enjoyments. Under your Auspice 'twas impossible for Impiety to enter. You still fortified it against Attempts by that Precept of *Pythagoras*, *Imitate the Almighty*. Nor could I, whom you fashioned with your Hands, whom you featur'd by the Image of my Maker, repose a Confidence in such vile Securities. My Habitation too was adorn'd with Innocence, and a fair Society of illustrious Friends ; and could not that brightest Ornament of it, my pious Father-in-Law, *Symmachus*, venerable even as your self, secure me from Imputations of this Nature ? But, O monstrous ! my Relation to you, adds Credit to my Accu-

fers; for of all my Crimes this is not the least, that I have listen'd to your Precepts, and imitated the Model you set before me. Nor is it enough that they use me ill on your Account, but your self must be calumniated on mine. This too is no light Accession to my Miseries, that the stupid Estimate of the Vulgar should be grounded on the Success, and not the Merit of the Cause: For with them the only allowed Reward of Prudence are the Smiles of Fortune, and her Frowns the surest Proof of Indiscretion. And, as the last Addition to my Misfortunes, I may remember the idle Stories, the groundless Rumours, the contradictory Assertions that were bandied amongst the Populace on my Arraignment. Thus banished from the Solace of my Friends, degraded of my Honours, and blacken'd in my Character, I met with Punishment where I had just Reason to expect Reward. My Enemies are crown'd with Honour, Prosperity and Success, and ready to repeat their Villainies on a like Occasion; while my Friends appear confounded at my Fall, and terrified by my Example. The Impious are encourag'd, not only by Impunity, but the Prospect of Rewards, to perpetrate their Wickedness, while the Innocent not only loses the common Security of a good Citizen, but is denied the

the natural Right of an injured one.
Then excuse me for thus soothing my Dis-
traction.

Almighty Maker ! thy eternal Throne
Stands fix'd supreme, unbounded and alone.
Thy great Behests, the flaming Orbs obey,
Round the arch'd Azure rolls the irrapid Way.
Now rising *Phebe* fills her gilded Horns,
And Night, in soft Serenity adorns ;
Proud in her adverse Brother's potent Ray,
Absorps the Stars, and scatters milder Day :
But when his near Approach dispels the Shades,
Her silver Bow, and borrow'd Lustre fades.
Cold *Hesper*, at thy bidding, leads the Night,
And gilds the Evening with officious Light :
A fainter Orb his languid Beams display
The early Harbinger of opening Day.
In Leafless Winter, the declining Sun
Contracts his Course, a shorter Stage to run.
When sultry *Seirius* burns the Summer's Pride,
The Night and Day in equal Parts divide.
Each varying Season owns thy guiding Hands,
Thy Wisdom tempers, and thy Word commands.
Now *Boreas* rages with resistless Sway,
And bears the Honours of the Grove away.

Soft

Soft Zephyr follows, whose healing Wings
 Sits genial Heat, and cures the Winter Springs.
 Arcturus shines, its Seed the Earth requires,
 And yellow Harvests bless the Sun's warm Fires.
 By Laws eternal is the Whole confin'd,
 No Force can break them, and no Art unbind.
 Each in pleas'd Order, at the Fiat moves;
 Man, wretched Man alone exceptional roves.
 Outcast from thee, excluded from thy Cares,
 Nor joys thy Guidance, nor thy Blessing shares.
 Or whence do all these monstrous Crimes arise?
 Why fickle Fortune still confounds the Wise?
 Would greatest Evils else the Good pursue?
 Mistake a Vengeance to the Wicked due?
 While the rais'd Traytor sits enthron'd on high,
 And sees beneath him prostrate Justice lye:
 The labouring Virtues hide their radiant Forms,
 Obscur'd in Vapours, and oppress'd with Storms.
 Whoe'er thou art that form'd the mighty Whole,
 Whose Power preserves it, and whose Laws controul,
 Let Us, its noblest Part, Compassion find,
 And pity miserable lost Mankind.
 Betray'd by Fortune, save our sinking State;
 And free us from the Tyranny of Fate.

To troubled Minds restore their *hallowed* Peace;
 Rebuke the Storm, and bid the Tempest cease.
 Grant us the Union of the blest'd above,
 Religious Fear, and sympathetick Love.

When I had ended these tedious Complaintings, the Goddess, with a benign Air, and perfect Unconcern for all I had uttered, thus made her Reply. When I found you o'erwhelm'd with Sorrows, I immediately, as you may well suppose, knew you to be miserable, and in Banishment; but how far from home, had you not told me, I confess I had been still ignorant of: But you mistake, you are not an Exile, but a Wanderer. Yet if you had rather call it a Force upon you, 'tis a Punishment you owe only to your self, for no other had a Right to impose it. And if you have not forgot the Place you came from, you must know it is not subjected, as once was *Athens*, to the Rule of a Populace; but

Where one sole Monarch does supremely sway,
 His are the Laws, and him they all obey. *Pope.*

Who rejoyces in the Entertainment,
 and not the Expulsion of his Subjects;
 whose greatest Liberty consists in Freedom
 from Licentiousness, and Remission from
 the

the Rigours of Justice. Have you forgot that ancient Law of your Republick, which forbids the Banishment of that Member who chuses to continue in it? For whoever contains himself within those Bounds, can never be presumed to deserve that Punishment; but they who have no longer an Ambition to live there, have no longer a Right to its Privileges: So that I am less surpris'd at this Habitation, than to see you the Tenant of it. Nor is it the Ivory pannel'd Library, the Glass Doors, the Statues or the Paintings I so much want, as my pleasing Station in your once peaceful Bosom. A Cabinet not adorned with Books, but with what makes Books only valuable, Wisdom and Erudition. The Services you did the Publick, you have very truly, but sparingly mentioned, when compared with the great Number you pass'd over in Silence. You have remarked upon what is well known to every one, of the Truth and Falshood of your Crimination. With much Discretion, have you but lightly touch'd upon the Crimes and Perjuries of your Accusers; a Subject better fitted to the Vociferations of the Many. You have vehemently declaim'd against the Treatment of a cowardly, cringing Senate. You have lamented the Part I bear in it, and wept o'er the

the Wounds of my mangled Reputation. At length you broke out into an Accusation against Fortune, arraign'd Providence, blamed the unequal Distributions of Rewards and Punishments, and concluded, in the Fury of a poetical Rapture, with this Petition, that the same Peace and Concord visible in the celestial Orders, might regulate these sublunary Abodes. Now, since your heighten'd Passions still rage and bluster, and Grief and Resentment drive you at their Pleasure, your unsettled Condition not admitting of more efficacious Medicines, let us use Lenitives to soften this fermented Tumor. and prepare it for the Edge of the incision Knife.

Give me Leave then, in the first Place, to interrogate you a little, to inspect your Wounds, and probe to the Bottom of them, that I may better know what to administer to the Cure. Ask your Pleasure, I reply'd, you shall find me all Obedience. Then she said; And do you really think, that the World has no Governor but Chance? Or, that an eternal Mind has some Share in the Administration? 'Twas Madness, I told her, to believe that the random Whirl of Fortune could ever produce the Regularity we behold in it. That I knew the Almighty Creator presided o'er his Workmanship; and that the utmost

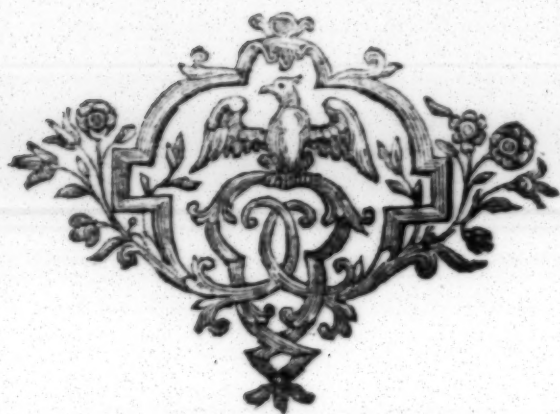
most Malice of Fortune should never force me to renounce so fundamental a Truth. It is bravely resolved, replied the Matron, and 'tis true, that tho' but just before you musically lamented Man, as the out-cast of Providence, yet the rest of the Creation you still left to his Guidance. But I am wonderfully surpris'd to find, while you are Master of such sound Principles, you could fall so low under your Misfortunes. We will search, by and by, more narrowly into this Business; for sure there must be something wanting to perfect the Foundation. But tell me, since you confess the World is governed by a Providence, what sort of Regiment do you suppose that to be? I scarce apprehend, said I, the Nature of your Question, much less am I capable of giving you a just Answer to it. Was I deceived then, reply'd Philosophy, when I suspected some Flaw in your Mind, thro' which this rankling Disease has found its Way? But tell me, are you acquainted with final Causes, and the Ends that Nature hath in View? I once heard of these Things, I told her, but that Misfortunes had blotted out their Remembrance. Do you know then the Origin of Nature? Can you tell me who set this great Machine a going? You have heard me, reply'd I, acknowledge it the Work of the Almighty.

mighty. Is it then possible that you who know the Principles, should be at a Loss to discover the Tendency of Things? But this is the Nature of unruly Passions, they may shake, disorder, and even destroy the beautiful Oeconomy of the Mind, but cannot totally annihilate it. Now answer me once again: Do you know your self to be a Man? You can hardly think me ignorant of that; but, perhaps, you would have me give you a Definition of him, as whether I know my self to be a mortal, reasoning Animal. I do; and confess, that I am subject to all the Infirmities of that Condition. Now she; Do you know no more of your self than this comes to? Not the least. I have discovered then, says she, another, and more formidable Cause of your Distemper; a Willingness to sit down contented in your Ignorance, and have now found the whole of your Malady, and so made the first Step to your Recovery. From this Ignorance of your self it is, that you bemoan your Exile and Confiscation. From your Ignorance of final Causes, that you look upon the Villain as great, powerful and happy; and from your Ignorance of the Ways of Providence, that you believe humane Accidents to be the Off-spring of Chance and Fortune, Causes sufficient, not only to

I

produce

produce Disease, but Destruction. Then give Thanks to the great Author of your Recovery, that Reason has not quite forsok you. The only surviving Spark of Life is your Acknowledgment of Providence, which substitutes an eternal Mind, in the Place of fortuitous Accidents. Take Courage then, for from this little Seed of Fire, we may revive and blow up the almost extinguished Flame.





CLAUDIAN'S
PANEGRICK

ON THE

Third Consulate of HONORIUS.

From the ORIGINAL.

Felicitur audet.



OW in your third your *Trabea* appear,
And your third *Festus* glad the opening
Year.

Bless'd shall it be, in luckier Periods roll'd,
Each smiling Month in quiet Plenty told.
In loosen'd Folds, the gay *Gabinian* Gown,
Heavy with orient Gems, flows peaceful down;

I 2

Embroid-

Embroider'd Purple to rough Arms succeed,
 And curule Chariots, to the Warrior Steel;
 Stern Liffors triumph o'er the tented Field,
 And furling Ensigns to their Axes yield.
 Hail Prince! who with your eastern Brother hold,
 With equal Sway, a patrimonial World:
 May Heav'n, propitious on thy Honours, smile,
 Direct thy Rule, and guide thy annual Toil:
 Set on this *Æa* more serenely shine,
 Bright as his Beams, and as his Course be sign.
 Hail! Wish and Promise of the longing Earth!
 Thy Sire a King, a Palace gave thee Birth:
 In conqu'ring Camps, amid triumphant Wars,
 And laurell'd Chiefs, he wean'd thy Infant Years.
 A subject State thy Childhood never knew,
 But Life and Sov'reignty together grew;
 A Monarch thou to early Empire born,
 Whose sacred Purp'le thy young Limbs adorn.
 Submissive Eagles court thy rising Rays,
 And lending Launces round thy Cradle blaze.

Untam'd *Germania* trembles at thy Birth,
Rhine, frighted back, o'erflows the bord'ring Earth.
 Proud *Caucasus* astonish'd, humbly bows,
 And shakes the shaggy Honours of his Brows:
 A God rever'd, bends quiver'd *Meroe* low;
 Drops the drawn Arrow from th' enervate Bow.
Plead

Pleas'd with the Camp, you, yet an Infant, play'd,
 Beneath the swelling Ensigns dreadful Shade;
 Would, in the savage Garb of vanquish'd Kings,
 delight,

And sport in all the recent Spoils of Fight:
 Then meet your Sire, fond of the first Embrace,
 Red from the Field, and reeking from the Chace;
 Off as the Hero's conquering Arms were turn'd
 From the scourg'd North, that wet with Slaugh-
 ter mourn'd;

Thy little Hands demand the glorious Prize,
 Which now the *Scythian's* well-strung Horn sup-
 plies;

Now *Suebian* Reins, or Darts by *Dacians* born;
 Or barb'rous Zones from prostrate *Gelons* torn.
 Rais'd on his polish'd Shield, we oft beheld
 Thee, graceful smiling, overlook the Field;
 Fearless thy Father's figur'd Mail survey,
 And with his leamy Casque, and nodding Plu-
 mage play.

Joy'd with the fav'ring Omen, close he press'd
 The lovely wanton to his lab'ring Breast.

Then rapt'rous cry'd; "O Monarch of the Sky!
 " Thus, from the Fight triumphant bring my Boy:
 " Or, when *Hircania* gives him fresh Alarms,
 " Or haughty *Syr's* tempts his thund'ring Arms.

" Such, and so dreadful, let me see him come,
 " All gay in hostile Blood, and panting home :
 " Cover'd with Dust, the noblest Dress of War,
 " To his old Sire the Spoils of Battle bear.
 When first thy forward Foot aspir'd to Man,
 Proud of his Charge, the careful King began
 To point thy ready Steps, the Road to Fame,
 To fire thy Soul, and fan the rising Flame.
 Inglorious Luxury, unactive Ease,
 And all the Pleasures of a Court, displease.
 He banish'd from thee, ev'ry soft'ning Snare,
 And strung thy Nerves to all the Toils of War ;
 Taught thee to bear the Polar Hail and Wind,
 While o'er thy Head the freezing Pleiads shin'd ;
 To plunge the rapid Floods, that broadest flow,
 And fill thy whiten'd Helm with *Alpine* Snow :
 All the bleak Night to watch the hostile Field,
 Prop'd on thy Spear, or resting on thy Shield.
 Set in a fierce Extream, he now commands
 To dare the Summer Suns, and *Africk's* Sands :
 To scale the rocky Cliff, to scour the Plain,
 To leap the Trench, to guide the ruling Rein ;
 To send the Arrew from the twanging Bow,
 And from Talaric Slings the kindling Bullet throw
 Then sets to view the brightest Charms of Fame,
 Collected in thy Grandfire's mighty Name.

Draws him on Sun-burnt *Lybia's* barren Shores,
 And where, 'gainst *Thule*, utmost Ocean roars.
 The swift *Numidian* here reveres his Sway,
 Here *Picts*, well call'd so, tremble and obey :
 The *Scot* he follows thro' his tractless Woods,
 With Keels victorious, stems the *British* Floods.
 From Pole to Pole his Arms he stretches wide ;
 In both their Seas his conquering Navi's ride.
 The princely Pupil firing at the View,
 Demands th' illustrious Labour to renew.
 To less Advantage the Sage *Centaur* taught,
 And slower form'd *Pelides* opening Thought ;
 When first he learn'd the Length of Launce to
 throw,

To strike the Lyre, each healing Plant to know.

Now civil Flames each factious Bosom warms,
 And direful Discord sets the Globe in Arms.
 Why shour ye, Gods ! your blackest Storms on
Rome ?

Why heap Dishonours on the Age to come ?

A savage Exi'e wastes th' *Hesperian* Land ;
 Her ravish'd Sceptre owns a servile Hand,
 But soon the vengeful Chief returns from far,
 Prepar'd to meet the rising Rage of War.
 A num'rous Hoste he gathers, as he goes,
 From farthe? *Ind'* to where *Euphrates* flows ;

All

All that near *Halis*' happy Streams abide ;
 Or rich *Orontes* blesses with his Tide.
 For him, the *Arab* quits his spicy Woods :
 For him, the ready *Medes* their *Caspian* Floods ;
 For him, the *Parthian* ; that *Niphates* laves ;
 For him, *Armenia*, *Phasis*' fertile Waves,
 With gen'rous Heat, how did thy Bosom glow,
 While the shrill Clarion call'd to face the Foe !
 Thy Heart inflamed by all fair Glory's Charms,
 Beat thick, and vigorous ; at the Clang of Arms ;
 Impatient to enjoy the coming Fight,
 And rush to Battle in thy Father's Might.
 Thus by th' imperial Lioness convey'd,
 Her unarm'd Off-spring slumbers in the Shade ;
 Safe she regales him with unpurchas'd Prey,
 And hides him from the Dangers of the Day.
 But when his hard'ning Teeth invite a Foe,
 His Claws to shoot, and Mane begins to flow,
 He leaves indignant his inglorious Den,
 And roams, with his *Getulian* Sire, the Plain ;
 Still foremost to oppose the Hunter's Spear,
 Or from a tyrant Ball, the reeking Vital's tear.
 But the wise Prince thy forward Hopes withstands,
 And trusts the Reins of Empire to thy Hands ;
 The regal Round does to thy Head apply,
 The just Reward of such young Piety.

Whose

Whose spreading Fame so far thy Years out-run,
 That the high Honour seems deferr'd too long.
 Her Smiles propitious Victory bestows,
 And from a double Claim her Favour flows.
 There thou draws down the willing Gods to fight
 And hee the Monarch conquers in thy Right.
 For thee on *Alpine* Hills his Plumage flows,
 For thee o'er its bleak Summits drives thy Foes.
 In Rocks which Nature meant a sure Retreat,
 Him, vainly shunn'd, the cautious Rebels meet :
 The Mound he forc'd, in whose dark Womb they
 lay,

Tore the high Barrier, and let in the Day.
 For thee the North sends forth his wint'ry Stores,
 His whole Artill'ry in full Fury roars ;
 Back on the Foe, in bloody Whirlwinds ride
 The feather'd Tempests, frustrate turn'd aside :
 Reverted Shafts th' astonish'd Traytor tires,
 In Storms of Steel the blasted Host expires.
 Their best belov'd, thee Heav'n and Nature own ;
 Thee warring Elements conspire to crown ;
 Auxiliary Clouds in Thunders fall,
 And Winds confederate hear thy Trumpet's Call.
Alps melted Snows in crimson Currents glide,
 The tinctur'd Stream reeks with the tepid Tide ;

That

That with heap'd Carnage stagnating had stood,
 But rapid Gore renew'd the weaken'd Flood.
 At length, the baleful Author of our Woes
 Contrives himself, to give the World Repose:
 His faithless Breast more than one Weapon needs,
 By two concurring Swords the Murderer bleeds;
 And his own Hand, here useful to Mankind,
 Assists the Fate he well deserv'd to find.

Freedom restor'd, waits Nature to remove
 The Chief, to all his purchas'd Pow'r above;
 Opens the starry Portals of the Sky,
 While trembling *Atlas* shews his coming nigh.
 Yet he defers to claim the bright Abode,
 And waves a while his Title to the God,
 'Till you return, his longing Eyes to bless,
 And at his Hands receive the rescu'd World in
 Peace.

Sudden you leave behind the *Thracian* Lands,
 Forming your vent'rous Way thro' barb'rous Bands.
 Glitt'ring in Ice, bleak *Rhodope* appears,
 The lasting Habit of inclement Years;
 Round *Orpheus* once, the stony Audience hung,
 And to sad Pity soften'd as he sung;
 Next under *Oete's* cloudy Heighth you rode,
 Whence *Hercules*, in Flames, commenc'd a God:

Then

Then his green Margin; see *Enipius* lave,
 In smoothest Courses, and the mildest Wave :
 Now, *Pelion* sacred by the *Nereids* made :
 And dark *Dodona's* venerable Shade :
 Inspir'd by your Approach, *Chaonia's* Oak
 In Praise, its long lamented Silence broke :
 At last *Illyrium's* sandy Shores you gain,
 And see *Timaeus* sweep the distant Plain.

Rejoycing *Italy* impatient waits,
 The thronging Nations Issue at her Gates.
 Impetuous *Po* thy sacred Pow'r adores,
 With Waves more gentle gliding to his Shore :
 A-round whose Banks the *Silvan Sisters* mourn,
 In trickling Tears rash *Phaeton* o'erthrown ;
 Aw'd by thy Influence now, restrain'd they keep
 The liquid Amber, and neglect to weep.
 Milt Crowds of Boys, the hoary Head appears,
 Attends thy coming, and forgets his Years ;
 Her household Cares the Matron lays aside,
 And Veils no longer modest Virgins hide.
 Here thy fond Father met, and clasp'd thee round,
 Thee, pious Prince ! in close Embraces bound.
 One spreading Laurel shading either Ear,
 As to the Royal Palace you repair.
 Who thought he saw not then the Morning Ray,
 With mingled Beams salute the God of Day ?

Or

Or thund'ring *Jove* in heav'nly Honours ride,
 With rosy *Bacchus* smiling by his Side ?
 Around thy Wheels in burnish'd Armour blaze
 The crested Soldiers, loudest in thy Praise.
 Puffed Lights offend the dazzled Eye,
 That from the Flash of g'eamy Helmets fly ;
 While the steel Harveils of the fiery Field,
 With double Day the auspicious Entry gild.
 Part stretch the yielding Bow-string's sinewy
 Length ;
 Part launch the whirring Dart with hartful Strength ;
 And part se'ect, with brawnier Muscles throw
 The beamy Jav'lin at the distant Foe.
 Here, to the Sun, ambitious Eagles rise,
 And here, aloft, a painted Dragon flies,
 That, swell'd by Winds, a living Serpent grows,
 And born in Clouds, full animated flows ;
 Rais'd on his spirey Folds, his Scales increase,
 While whistling Wavings counterfeit an Hiss.
 Th'applauding People past, at length they come,
 To lofty *Palatine*, imperial Dome !
 The Crowd withdrawn, the Monarch Silence broke,
 And thus his royal Son-in-Law bespoke :
 " Brave *Stilicho*, my sure Defence in Fight,
 " In Peace the loyal Guardian of my Right.

" For

" For when to Battle my bold Troops I led,
 " Thou ; ever near me, Thunders at their Head :
 " When honour'd by a grateful Senate's Voice,
 " Thy zealous Suffrage still prevents their Choice.
 " *Hebrus*' swoln Streams ran sanguine to the Shore,
 " Which we together, warm'd with *Getick* Gore ;
 " Weary we both on *Scythian* Ice have lain,
 " Both trod triumphant *Ister*'s frozen Plain :
 " Charged in confederate Arms *Dalmation* Hosts,
 " And with united Fires despoil'd their Coasts
 " But now I lay the ruling Sceptre down,
 " Between my Boys divide my parted Crown ;
 " And all, (for see me haste to Realms of Day)
 " The mighty Burthen on thy Shoulders lay.
 " Safe then, thou dear Companion of my Wars,
 " Secure the Purple for my youthful Heirs.
 " By that blest Night, that to thy longing Arms
 " Thy blooming Consort gave in all her Charms,
 " By the chaste Secrets of the genial Bed,
 " Shield them in Tumult, and in Council aid :
 " Supply my Place, thy Care a Parent's prove,
 " Guide as their Leader, as their Father love.
 " Now, now, I feel my mounting Spirit rise,
 " Born on thy Wings, she seeks her native Skies.
 " Should mad *Typhæus* shake the Isles aside,
 " (Dash'd o'er the Deep) that the fell Monster hide ;

" Or struggling *Tityus* from his Fetters break,
 " And dare the Fury of the Vulture's Beak;
 " *Ætna's* red Top *Enceladus* o'erthrow,
 " And fiercer vex her tortur'd Fires below,
 " Disarm'd their Rage, their direful Clamours cease,
 " While thy rais'd Thunder frights the World to
 " Peace.

He said,---and (as Clouds driv'n o'er shaded Plains,
 Swift thro' the *Ether* draw their humid Trains)
 Past to the Moon's pale Orb, then leaves below
 The Realms where *Arcas'* sparkling Splendors glow.
 Next balmey *Venus*, that benignant breaths,
 In milder Majesty, the God receives:
 From hence his rising Rode thro' *Phæbus* lies,
 And the red Flames that fiercer *Mars* supplies:
 With cooler Beams now *Jupiter* prevails,
 Chill *Saturn* now his cheerful Influence feels.
 Self-mov'd for him, Heav'n's golden Gates unbar,
 For him, *Arctophilax* refits his Car.
 Ready *Orion* waits the wish'd Command,
 His Rule to render to an abler Hand.
 The spangl'd Galaxie submits obey,
 Confess the God, and kindly court his Stay:
 Seek if he deigns his friendly Fires to join,
 Or in distinguish'd Radiance singly shine:

All anxious where he claims his flarry Care,
 And each ambitious to resign his Sphere.
 O once our Glory ! now the Immortal's Pride,
Hesperian Seas thy setting Honours hide :
 Thy Oceans bathes thee in her softest Waves,
 And wearied, to her kindred Breast receives.
 O happy Parents ! Here your earliest Beams
 Around *Arcadius*' out-stretch'd Empires flame :
 When to the West your languid Fines decline,
 Over his Brother's wide Domain you shine.
 Each Region your auspicious Light surveys,
 Glad Homage to the royal Partners pays.
 Serene in awful Majesty they sit,
 While willing Nations to their Yoke submit ;
 In all the Blessings of soft Peace they reign,
 Pleas'd to begin an Age of Gold again.
 Pale *Av'rice* to her *Stygian* Sisters flies,
 Relinquish the Globe, and frees the labouring Skies :
 His heapy Hoards Ambition vainly told,
 He madly mourns his unavailing Gold :
 Corruption's banish'd from the watchful Throne,
 And Power attendant but on Worth alone.

Hail, happy Brothers ! whose extended Rule
 The Orb's vast Round is destin'd to controul :
 Names by your great Forefathers unexplor'd.
 And where your Sire's bold Eagles never soar'd.

Kind *Mulciber* his friendly Skill shall yield,
 In heav'nly Arms to set you to the Field.
 For each a dreadful *Ægis* he prepares,
 Which sweating *Brontes* swells with figur'd Wars.
 High on the Helm, sets *Sceropes* the Crest,
 With gilded Horse-hair formidably grac'd;
Pyræmon artful fills the hollow Mold,
 And into Corslets casts the running Gold.
 With the loud Toil the *Æolians* shake around,
 And all *Sicilia* labours with the Sound.
 The Sea-green Horses of the watry God,
 Bred in the dark Recesses of the Flood,
 Now harness'd to the Yoke, obedient stand,
 And hear the Lash, and court your ruling Hand:
 So swift, they would not dash the surging Main,
 Nor print the Sand, nor bruise the bearded Grain;
 In full Career, unhurt would be the Grass,
 And the top Billow scarce perceive them pass.

Already see proud *Babylon* o'erthrown,
 In real Flights the backward *Parthian* turn.
 Now barb'rous *Bactria* bends beneath thy Force,
 And frighten'd *Ganges* turns aside his Course.
 Sadly he shoves along his captive Tide,
 While humbled *Persia* casts her Gems aside.
 Go mighty Monarchs where rough *Tanais* rolls,
 Join in your Conquest the divided Poles;

Oppose

Oppose your Arms to the Sun's brightest Beams,
 And seek the hidden Source of *Nile's* long Streams :
 Let not great *Liber's* Eastern Bounds restrain,
 Nor where *Alcides* marks the setting Main.
 'Tis yours of Right, to subjugate Mankind,
 And round the Globe your regal Fetters bind.
 For you shall give his Pearls the ruddy Sea,
 Submissive *Ind'* her Ivory Tributes pay ;
Arabian Groves their sacred Sweets afford,
 And *Seric* Looms supply a Western Lord.





ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ:

OR, THE

BATTLE

OF THE

Cranes and Pigmies.

From the *Latin* of Mr. ADDISON.

In Imitation of MILTON's Style.

Lusit amabiliter.


 SING the Crane and Pygmy up in
 Arms,
 And brandish'd Tucks oppose to point-
 ed Beaks.

Raise, Muse, the Fury of the feather'd Foe,

Lead

Lead the low Cohorts to the dusty Field,
 And Men and Birds in rude Encounter join.
 Long hath a Race of vulgar Hero's shone
 In the bright Annals of recording Bards.
 Fit Theme for Song Heroick only deem'd.
 In Pomp of Numbers live the Toils of Fight ;
 And endless *Paeons* ecchoe thro' the Lines.
 The Youth of *Greece* fill the wide Mouth of Fame ;
Theseus and stern *Achilles* triumph still ;
 Pious *Aeneas* charms the listening Age ;
 And *Boyne* preserves immortal *William's* Name ;
 The *Theban* Brothers, and great *Pompey's* Fall
 Command a mighty Tribute of our Tears.
 I first turn devious, from the beaten Tract
 Averse on higher Argument intent ;
 Standards, not yet unfurl'd in Song, display,
 And tune a shriller Trumpet's mimick Notes :
 Draw little Champions vibrating the Spear,
 And long-wing'd Warriors rushing from the
 Clouds.

Where the Sun's genial Rays mature the East,
 And *India* glows with the first blush of Day,
 (Surrounded with inhospitable Rocks)
 In a green Vale, approach'd by few, there stood,
 While Fate propitious smil'd, the growing Empire
 Of the *Pygmean* Race. The Plain then throng'd
 With

With thick Inhab'tants, a well-order'd State;
 Each studious to promote the Common-weal,
 And cultivate the little Arts of Life.

If haply now the curious Traveller,
 Over the rocky Mound pursues his Way,
 A dreary Desert, waste; and wild he sees,
 Whiten'd with little Bones of Hero's Slain.
 Half-ruin'd Palaces, and nodding Towers,
 Wide Desolation! strike the wond'ring Sight.
 A Region dolorous: Th' obscene Abode
 Of the exulting Crane; securely now
 She weaves her Nest, and plumes her callow Young.
 Not so, while the small Progeny possess'd
 The Seat of Empire, which long, long gave Laws
 To the remotest Corner of the Plain.
 Then if the vent'rous Foe with Inroads pierc'd,
 On Ravages intent; the little Corps,
 Still upon Guard, rush vig'rous to the Field,
 With hostile Blood revenge their Country's
 Wrongs,

And strew the Ground with slaughter'd Carcasses:
 Returning from the Field, each loaded Chief,
 Triumphan drags along the indignant Prey,
 Which roasted, crowns the Victor's genial Board.
 Oft was th' unwary Bird in Ambush slain,

Oft

Oft were their Nests demolish'd ; on their Young
 Was wreak'd the Rage due to the Parent's Crimes.
 For when, with wond'rous Toil and Care, they'd
 rais'd

The artful Structure for the future Fowl ;
 Sudden the active Infantry alarm'd
 Rush down upon them in a Storm of War.
 Raced are their Works ; the fatal Sword cuts short
 The springing Life, while yet the half-form'd Foe
 Lies hid in the frail Orb's defenceless Round.

War, fatal War, for these dire Seeds arose ;
 Bands breathing Slaughter, Men and Birds in Arms,
 And grisly Deaths in diff'rent Forms confus'd.
 Far less the bloody Fights, which once engag'd,
 In mock Sublime, the bold *Meinian* Bard,
 When noisy War, disturb'd the marshy Realms.
 (Dreadful to see !) here lay the mangled Trunk
 Of an expiring Mouse, with hostile Rushes gor'd ;
 There a maim'd Frog in hearser Murmurs croaks,
 With one Leg lopp'd, he creeps along the Field,
 Disabled to essay the active Leap.

O little Mortals, blind in Fate ! alas,
 In an ill Hour, ye fought those hostile Tents.
 Now dawns the Day that ye shall wish untouch'd
 The Eggs and Off-spring of th' offended Fowl.
 For with repeated Wrongs provok'd, the Cranes
 Converge

Convene a Council, to consult Revenge.
 The fierce Inhabitants of *Strymon's* Flood,
 Of Lakey *Marcotis*, and the Banks
 Of distant *Caister's* well water'd Meads,
 Throng to the gen'ral Diet: With them came,
 In League offensive, and defensive join'd,
 The Borderers of *Scythia's* frozen Shores,
 And the remotest *Iler's* mighty Stream.
 Slaughters and threaten'd Wounds they meditate;
 Sharpen the Tallons, and their Pinions plume;
 And whet the fatal Beak for future Fight.
 So great their Thirst of Blood, so mighty their
 Revenge.

The Spring now opens the Campaign; aloft
 The brave confederated Nations rise.
 O'er distant Tracts of Lands, and Seas disjoin'd,
 Born on expanded Wings, they steer their Course.
 And now they penetrate the Clouds; thro' Storms,
 And northern Snows now force their desperate
 Way.

Air labours with th' unusual waste of Plumes,
 And the loud cackling fills the Concave round.

The Din of War no less disturb'd the Plains.
 For there, their Country's Cause provokes to Arms
 The active Pigmy Troops militia'd out,
 In fronted Brigades, marshal'd to the Charge.

Two flanking Wings secure th' imbedied War,
 And thick Battalions scour the hostile Ground.
 Impatient for the Charge they shake the Dart,
 And silent meet the horrid Front of Death.

Full in the Centre stalks their haughty Chief,
 Advancing onward; and above the rest,
 In Shape and Gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a Giant; --- half a Yard in Height.
 Most gloomy was his Stare: his honest Face
 Deep Scars of hostile Talions had intrench'd:
 Nor less his manly Breast, wide spread, declar'd
 True princely Worth, fresh Mark with cruel Beaks.
 For he was born to wage against the Crane
 Eternal Battles, and immortal Hate.

And dearly he repaid the Wounds they lent.
 When, Comet like, his dreadful Blade he wav'd,
 Before its Lightning flew the blasted Foe,
 Or in a Moment lost his Power to fly.
 What Heaps of Slaughter has it made! how oft
 Has th' unfetch'd Infant fall'n before it's Edge!
 Alas! how oft has widow'd *Strymon* mourn'd
 Her Husband's, and her Sons untimely Fate!

And now ———

From a black Cloud, furcharg'd with War and Foes,
 Loud Shouts proceed, frightful to mortal Ears,
 Which still encrease re-echoing from the Field.

Till

'Till near advanc'd, a mighty Host of Birds
 Appear, whose Front, of hideous Depth and Length,
 Vexes the troubled Air from Pole to Pole ;
 While a disast'rous Darknefs veils the Camp,
 Now numberless ; but to revisit soon,
 In thinner Ranks, and more contracted Bands,
 Their native Shores ; in an ill Hour forlook.
 Thus brav'd, the Pigmy loud requires the Fight,
 And with Impatience Eyes the hov'ring Storm.
 Long need he not, for soon the vengeful Fowl
 Rush down precipitant, with horrid Shouts
 On the firm Troops, collected in their Might.
 Wild Uproar rages ; dire is the Noise
 Of Conflict ; scatter'd Plumes fly all around,
 Spent with long Toil, the bold *Strymonians* rise,
 High soaring on main Wing ; then breathe a while,
 And with redoubled Rage the Fight renew.
 Long Time in equal Scale the Battle hung.
 A daring Crane, by the brave Foe transfix'd,
 Here furious raves, and whirls in bloody Orbs ;
 While feebly he attempts the last home Push,
 He falls, he gathers up his Claws, and dies.
 There, a stabb'd Pigmy welt'ring in his Blood,
 With thick and heavy Groans sighs out his Sou!,
 Which curses, as it goes, the fatal Beak :
 Thick patters with his little Heels the Ground.
Noisy

Noisy Confusion fills the frightened Field ;
Which blushes with the Blood of prostrate Chiefs,
Fingers and Claws, dismember'd Arms and Wings,
And broken Swords, and Beaks, lye scatter'd round
the Plain.

Where the thick Battle rag'd, the Pigmy King
Prodigious Pow'r had shewn ; around him rose,
A Rampart of the Bodies of the Slain.
Dauntless 'midst Deaths he stood, like Fate, unmov'd,
Nor aught avail'd the united Flap of Wings,
Or ported Beaks ; where-e'er he turn'd, they fled.
And now the Fortune of the Day is lodg'd
In his right Arm alone : When, sad to tell !
A formidable Fowl, with out-stretch'd Wing,
Sudden from all his Conquests, snatch'd the Prince,
(So will'd the Gods) and bore amid' the Clouds.
Pendant he hung ; glad Clamours fill the Sky,
While his sad People helpless mourn below
Their wringing captive Monarch, doom'd to feast
The savage Conqueror's insatiate Maw.

Now its most frightful Visage War puts on.
Th' infernal Crane, still soaring in his Flight,
Tears with remorseless Claws the wretched Chief;
Impatient of the Wound, he flings, he raves,
And beats the Air, in dying Pang convul'd.
Such was the dreadful Scene, when fell *Briarius*,

Titanian, or Earth-born, raging fierce,
 Threw shaggy *Pelion* to the Throne of Heav'n ;
 And struck th' Almighty Thund'rer from his Seat.
 Rocks thro' mid Air encounter'd fiery Bolts,
 Hurl'd to, and fro, with Jaculation dire.
 Wing'd with fork'd Lightning, the hoarse Thun-
 der flies,

From *Jove's* red Arm, thick on the Rebel Crew.
 'Till overthrown the Giant Carnage lay
 Involv'd in Smeak, and hot with sulph'rous
 Wounds.

Their mightiest quell'd, the fainting Battle swerves
 With many an Inroad torn ; o'er-powr'd at length,
 Disorder enters, and foul Rout ensues.

Part fly out-right, Part suppliant fall before
 Th' insulting Victors, pressing on the Rear.
 The vengeful Bird, alas ! No Quarter gives,
 Bent on entire Destruction of the Race.

Thus the *Pygmean* Empire, that had stood
 Triumphant, 'midst innumerable Wars,
 So glorious to her self, so fatal to the Crane,
 Now saw her towering Structures laid in Dust,
 Her Throne subverted, and her Name no more.
 For earthly States have all determin'd Periods,
 Beyond whose Date they're not to be prolong'd.
 So ended once proud *Babylon's* Domaine ;

Then

[III]

Then *Persia*, next in Pow'r, so next in Fate,
 And *Rome* immortal, last, and greatest fell.
 Now on *Elysian* Plains, the happy Shades
 Dwell undisturb'd. Perspicuous in the Throng,
 Rise the old Heroes more majestick Forms.
 If Credit we may give to ancient Tale,
 Full oft has the belated Peasant seen
 The jocund Elves, by shady Grove, or Fount,
 Or Forest Lawn, their Moon-light Revels keep:
 While, safe from dire Alarm of Cranes, and lost
 To former Toil, on Mirth and Dance intent,
 They mark fine Ringlets in distinguish'd Green;
 Now by the Name of Fairies better known.





A
FRAGMENT,
 FROM
 CLAUDIAN'S First Book against
 RUFINUS, imitated.

*Adco irritum thema est, atque ab omnibus jactatum, otium,
 & secessum proponere vita forensi, & occupata, prop-
 ter securitatem, libertatem, d'ccedinem, dignitatem,
 aut saltem ab indignitatibus immunitatem, ut nemo
 tractet hunc locum quin bene tractet; ita huma-
 nis conceptibus in experiendo, & consensibus in appro-
 bando consonat.* Bacon de Aug. Scient.

OF RUFINUS.



LOW dastard Dulness is his native
 Vice,
 But Mischief quickens, and informs
 the Mass.

From Realm to Realm as the Destroyer flies,
 A following Tra& of bloody Ruin lies.

Beneath

Beneath the Line with fiercer Fires he glows,
 And adds new Winter to *Rhiphean* Snows.
 An horrid Respite Chains and Racks afford,
 The cruel Mercies of th' impending Sword :
 Worse than th' impending Sword protracted Breath,
 A Life prolong'd to 'wail the Woes of Death.

If any, bolder than the rest, deny
 When call'd, the Tyrant's Coffers to supply,
 Strung with the dire Disgrace, he foams with Ire,
 And his red Eye-Balls dart destructive Fire .
 So the struck Savage roves *Getulia's* Plain,
 Tugs the barb'd Jav'lin, and provokes the Pain;
 Robb'd of her Young, so the mad Tygress roars,
 Hangs on the Parth, and Thunders to the Shores;
 So hisses fierce, so meditates her Foe
 The trodden Snake, while her big Columes glow.
 But still he thirsts, still pines amidst his Store,
 A Wretch, that's always craving, always poor.
 See great *Fabricius*, great in Indigence,
 Slight the deluding Tribute of a Prince ;
 His small paternal Plot *Serranus* plows,
 While Sweat bedews the toiling Consul's Brows.
 Those lowly Cots, the *Curian* Names adorn
 On Cloud-hid *Palatine* look down with Scorn.
 O sacred State! where Wealth or Want ne'er come ;
 To serve no Motive, to enslave no *Roma*.

Let Luxury thy o'er-charg'd Nature load,
 And with phantastick Dainties heap thy Board.
 To her full Breasts, me Mother Earth receives,
 Cheaply I'll riot on the Wealth she gives.
 There, figur'd Walls betray the *Tyrian* Loom,
 Th' imperial *Murix* proudly paints thy Dome.
 Here, blooming Meads their fragrant Sweets dis-
 pense ;
 Here, living Pleasures court the ravish'd Sense ;
 Embroider'd Carpets ev'ry Field adorn,
 Blow in the Grove, and open in the Lawn ;
 The flowry Couch, and gently murmur'ing Streams
 Lull to soft Slumbers, and unbroken Dreams.
 There, clam'rous Clients croud long Rooms of
 State,
 And fawning Levees call the Wretched, Great.
 Here, in smooth Whispers, balmy Zephyr blows,
 And airy Musick wakes from calm repose.
 " A virtuous Poverty's a Good confess'd.
 " When Nature made us Men, she made us bless'd.
 " So live the Wise, who hear her heav'nly Voice,
 " Who know to make, and know to use their
 " Choice.

ANOTHER



A N O T H E R
F R A G M E N T

Imitated, from the *SAME*.



FT have these Thoughts my anxious Soul
oppress'd,

With fluctuating Fury tore my Breast,
Whether omniscient Powers, all Good bestow
Their Care and Blessings on Mankind below ;
Or doth sole Arbitress, blind Chance, preside,
And Things at random drive the giddy Guide.
When this harmonious Whole I wondering found
By Laws directed, strictest Union bound ;
How circling Seasons in their Turns appear,
To pour their Products, and compleat the Year ;
How Night and Day in grateful Change move
round ;

How struggling Deeps, unwilling own a Bound :
The Tumult ceas'd.—Yet tho' repress'd my Fears,
My Mind still labours with the lessening Ca'es.

As

As when retiring Storms forsake the Deep,
 Pant to the Shore, and o'er the Billows creep,
 While Ocean yet, not all his Peace regains,
 Nor baffled *Boreas* quits the heaving Plains,
 Thick fluttering Blasts die in a distant Roar,
 And fainter Murmurs fall along the Shore.

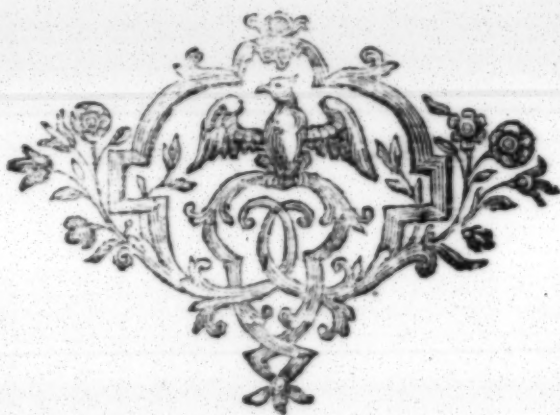
But now a conscious Guidance I descry,
 Now see a Mind Almighty, thron'd on high:
 Who points the Planets their unvaried Way;
 Fills the fair Womb of Earth with Off-spring gay;
 Gives changing *Phæbe* Splendors not her own,
 And stores with unlent Light the constant Sun;
 On central Axes hangs the steady Ball,
 Secure in Air, and gives it Laws to roll.
 When lo! again ———

My Views no more a certain Prospect boast,
 And all the Promise of the God is lost.
 Black gathering Clouds my ruffled Mind o'er-spread,
 Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life I tread,
 See the successful Villain ride the State,
 The Patriot sinking in the Storms of Fate.
 Sudden Religion's strong Supports Decay,
 And all the tow'ring Fabrick falls away;
 With mournful Eyes the fleeting Form I view,
 And forc'd, unwilling, other Guides pursue.

That

That thro' the void teach slooping Atoms rain'd,
 By Chance associate, and by Chance detain'd.
 While lucky Jumbles of a thoughtless Rout
 A World produce, and at an Heat strike out.
 Exists the whole, ungovern'd, self-combin'd,
 Nor wants the Stay of an immortal Mind.

But all my Doubts *Rufinus*' Fall remov'd;
 Absolv'd the Gods, and Providence approv'd.
 Of tardy Vengeance now no more I rave,
 When prostituted Purple courts the Slave;
 Hoisted aloft, just shewn, then headlong flung,
 To deck the Dunghil whence the Insect sprung.



ANOTHER



A N O T H E R

U P O N

Fl. Mallius Theodorus.



ECROPIA's Science stores your ample
Breast

With ev'ry Treasure of the antique East :
Averse in novel Doctrines to engage ;
The fashionable Jargon of the Age.
This, a first Cause on Vital Air bestows :
While That, holds all from circling Water flows :
Another that the Whole from purer Fire arose. }
He that impatient *Ætna's* Womb explor'd,
Diffuses thro' the Mass his plastick God :
His God with healing Amity array'd,
Reforms the Fury jarring Discord made ;
Then back recall'd, gives ev'ry Breast the same,
And ev'ry Soul receives an equal Flame.
This says the Sight its imag'd Frauds supplies,
Opposes Certainty, and Sense decries.

That,

That, in a swift Rotation, saves the Ball,
 Arrests its Ruin, and refrains its Fall;
 Wild Systems forming, holds the solar Ray
 Shoots from a Stone to luminate the Day.
 A third more daring Wings his forward Flight
 Thro' tractless Chaos, and the Realms of Night.
 One Heaven cannot th' ambitious Wretch restrain,
 Pass'd beyond Matter, to the vast Inane,
 Affects all Bounds corporeal to despise,
 While in his narrow Breast unnumber'd Worlds
 arise.

One in unconscious Atoms kindles Life,
 Gives Form and Union to disorder'd Strife.
 Another bids his Guardian Gods advance,
 And far from Prescience drives th' Effects of
 Chance.

New Light, to Arts obscure, great *Mallius* yields,
 The *Grecian* Gloom with *Roman* Radiance gilds:
 In artful Di'logue forms unfinish'd Minds,
 And captiv'd Truth in Ties alternate binds.
 Whate'er stern *Zeno* and the Porches teach,
 Or *Plato's* more exalted Flights can reach;
 Whate'er *Chrysippus* from thy Schools arose,
 Whate'er thy Logick, and Retreat disclose,
 Whate'er *Democritus's* Mirth provok'd,
 Or close *Pythagoras* by Silence spoke,

Lodg'd

Lodg'd in his Breast, and fashion'd by his Fire,
 Receive fresh Lustre, and fresh Weight acquire.
 In Greece no more, th' *Athenian* Bays shall bloom,
 More fam'd Academies shall rise in *Rome*.
 See while her Lawrels wither, that she gain'd,
 New Science open'd, and the old explain'd:
 See in the West, a wiser Sage indite
 The *Summum Bonum*, and the Rules of Right:
 How Good and Gainful differ but in Name,
 How Happiness and Honour are the same:
 Against what Vice, what Virtue to provide;
 What, when Injustice tempts to draw aside:
 What, when a slavish Fear's to be expell'd,
 Or, (mighty Task!) when tyrant Love must yield:
 Or else dispos'd to treat of Nature's Laws,
 Of flowing Matter, and its primal Cause:
 What Fire ethereal animates the Spheres;
 How roll'd, unvaried, thro' the Length of Years.
 Why seven orb'd Stars, in brighter Lustre rise,
 Fly from the Poles, and keep the middle Skies.
 Does one sole Mind this Harmony bestow,
 Or motion'd Master from two Causes flow.
 * Is Colour real, and distinct from Sight,
 Or the gay Phantom of refracted Light.

* I shall not wonder, if my Reader be surpriz'd
 to see me just shewing my self in Person, at my
 going

going off, between the two last Pages of the Performance ; when I have not addressed my self to him in the Ceremonial of *explanatory Notes*, nor bespoke his Favour so much as in a *Preface*. I won't concern my self to apologize for these, or other Disadvantages, and Neglects obvious enough ; but shall tell him, without more Ambage, the plain Matter of Fact. That as I went along in these Amusements, the casual Relaxations from severer Studies, I wrote Observations upon them, not of that Kind which makes up the dead Weight of Books among the common Translators and Editors ; but such as might contribute to illustrate the substantial Beauties of my Authors, and afford a rational Entertainment to my Readers. And particularly upon this Poem, the finest in that Writer, and an entertaining Proof of the Justness of that true Observation, *That there is nothing so absurd, but what one Philosopher or other hath maintained*. But I could not prevail with my self to bestow so much Time upon them, as was necessary to put them in a Condition to appear with the Translations. However, a Note upon this Place lying before me, I thought fit to send it with the Poem.

Is Colour real, &c.

*Sitne Color proprius rerum, lucis ne repulsus,
Eludant aciem.*

As the atomical Physiology, of which this Doctrine of Colours is so considerable a Part, is not only the most rational, but likewise the most ancient of all the Systems of Nature ; it may be no unacceptable Present to my Reader, to give him a succinct History of the Rise, Corruption, and Revival of this venerable Body of Philosophy.

M

What

What then is called the atomical Physiology, had, as *Plato* tells us, for its Founder *Protagoras*; *Aristotle* says, they were *Leucippus* and *Democritus* jointly, according to *Laertius*, it was *Leucippus* only; but others deduce its Original still higher, and pretend to say, the Inventer of it was *Moschus* or *Moses*. It had for its Support the following Principles, that *Body* is διασάρον ἀντίρροπον extended Bulk, which includes only the Ideas of Magnitude, greater or less, Divisibility into Parts, Figure and Position, Rest and passive Motion only; that Vision must be solved by corporeal Effluvia, or, according to our more refined modern Atomists, by the Medium of Light; and lastly, that the sensible Ideas of Light and Colours, Heat and Cold, Sweet and Bitter, are but mere Fancies and Sensations of the Mind, caused by the Repulse of Light, and not real Qualities in the Objects themselves, which is certainly a noble Instance of the Wisdom and Sagacity of the Ancients, or would rather tempt one to think, as the most ancient Opinions in Physiology are the purest, that they were derived from other Sources besides humane Reason. For it is very remarkable, that this System, tho' followed by several profess'd Atheists, or, as some will have it, as you see above, founded by them; yet none, when rightly understood, corrects this Madness better; for from it is naturally deduced the Proof of an immaterial Being, because if nothing belongs to Body (as it affirms) but passive Motion, which can never begin it self, but must receive its Original from some exterior Agent, it follows there must be something in the World besides Body, otherwise there could have been no Motion in it. But to pursue the Discourse; this System, doubtless the most genuine, perfect and compleat of all Antiquity, did not long preserve its Virginity; it soon became miserably mangled and dismember'd,
some

Some laying hold of one Part, and some another; some admitted it, to the Exclusion of the Doctrine of Immateriality, its inseparable Consequence, as *Democritus*, *Leucippus* and *Protagoras*, and so commenced Atheists. Some again, as *Plato* and *Aristotle*, took indeed the better Part, the Consideration of Immateriality, but stripp'd it of its Vehicle, the Body, and so run into contrary Errors. The System so evaporated and spiritualized in passing thro' the Hands of *Plato* and *Aristotle*, triumphed for many Ages, even to these latter Times; and then nothing was heard in the Schools but the unintelligible Doctrine of substantial Forms, &c. till of late it was discovered, that the atomical Physiology most rationally solved the corporeal Phenomena; but the Atomists and Idealists having divided the Truth between them, that modern Restorer of Truth, the great *Des Cartes*, took so much of the Democratic as related to corporeal Phenomena; and so much of the Aristotalic as concerned Incorporeality with its Dependances, and, to his immortal Honour, joined again what had been so violently and unnaturally separated, and once more gave Credit to the old Doctrines of secondary Qualities; which have been since espoused by our no less famous Countrymen *Lock* and *Newton*. The remaining Errors of the Aristotalic and Democratic Systems being thus left naked and defenceless, *White* and *Digby* espoused the first, and *Mr. Hobs*, by a singular Piece of Knight-Errantry, undertook the Protection of the latter. But here let us do Justice to that great Man's Memory, at a Time his Writings seem to be entirely neglected, who, with all his Errors, and those of the most dangerous Natures, we must allow to be one of the first Men of his Age for a bright Wit, a deep Penetration, and a cultivated Understanding. Several of whose uncommon Speculations

while they remain'd with him, lay unregarded ; but when taken up by others, of whom we deservedly have a better Opinion, received their due Applause and Approbation. The learned Reader sees I have Mr. *Lock* principally in my Eye, and, indeed, that incomparable Man received no small Assistance from Mr. *Hobs's* Notions : I could name several, upon which Mr. *Lock* values himself, as Discoveries and Improvements in Knowledge, but which he really borrowed from the other, tho' admirably improved, and carried to a greater Length : For that other haughty Man was concise and dogmatical, and breathed the exact Spirit of his Master *Lucretius*. But to mention one only, and that Mr. *Lock's* Assertion, *That Liberty belongs not to the Will* ; the finest, and (as he confesses in a Letter to *P. Limborch*) the most intricate Dissertation of any in his Essay. This his Predecessor had before asserted in his *Leviathan*. But I have insensibly deviated into a new Subject, which can't be too hastily broke off.

Why tiding Deeps pale *Phoebe's* Influence own ?

Why louder Thunder bellows from a Storm?

What Ballances in Air the ga her'd Rains ?

What, into harden'd Orbs, condensing Vapours
Chains.

Whence comes the Winter of the fleecy Snow ?

Whence round the Sky's red Coruscations glow ?

Or Flash terrifick in devouring Rays,

Or fright the Nations with a bearded Blaze?

While thus the Paths of Nature you pursue,

The whole Creation opens to your View ;

Thro'

Thro' ev'ry winding Secret you explore ;
 To all impervious, and unknown before :
 Below you, see, involv'd in Guilt and Strife,
 The vulgar Herd tug the gall'd Load of Life ;
 While you on Nature's highest Summit sit,
 Unmov'd, regardless of the Force of Fate.
Olympus thus the Rage of Heav'n derides,
 While forky Lightning plays around his Sides ;
 Eternally serene, no Winter sees,
 Nor Storms, nor Tempests, interrupt his Ease ;
 Insults the Wreck, and higher rears his Head,
 'Midst foaming Deluges around him spread ;
 Hears, undisturb'd, descending Torrents flow ;
 And spurns the Thunder as it lags below.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Page 2, Line 1, after (no longer) put in, at Liberty to act. P. 15, l. 14, for (cause) read Course. P. 30, l. 29, for (otherwise) read others. P. 37, l. 18, for (now) read new. P. 40, l. 16, for (disinage) read disuade. P. 44, l. 18, for (Affections) read Affection. P. 46, l. 22, for (where) read which. P. 54, l. 12 for (agreeable) read agreeably. P. 56, l. 11, (unthought) read unfought. P. 59, l. 11, for (biated) read biased. P. 73, l. 4, for (him) read them. P. 79, l. 7, for (the irrapid) read their rapid. P. 87, Motto, for (felicitur) read feliciter. P. Ib. l. 1, for (your Trabea) read Trabea you. P. 95, l. 23, for (Ear) read Car. P. 97, l. 9, for (Dalmation) read Dalmatian. P. 99, l. 7, for (Beams) read Beam. P. 105, l. 10, for (the) read their. P. Ib. l. 19, for (waft) read waft. P. 107, l. 12, (Mark) read mark'd. P. 108, l. 2, for (Appear) read A appears.



